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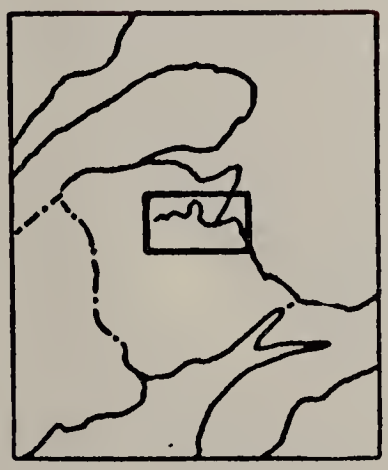
GEORGE BROOKS JOHNSON



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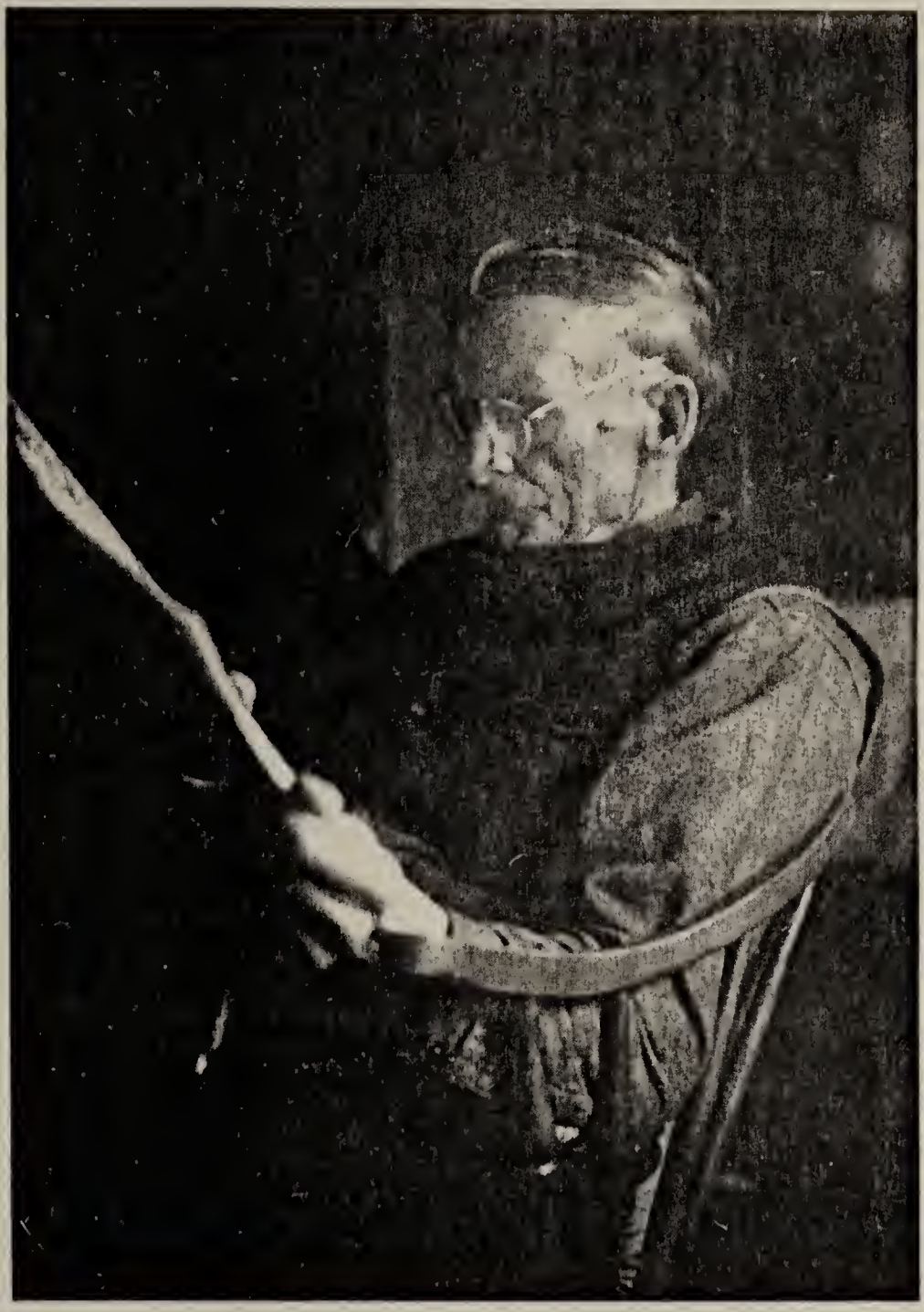

PAUL KINGSTON

"The forests and the mountains called to him,
And the gray dawn saw his campfires in the rain."

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES
OF THIS BOOK HAVE BEEN PRINTED AND THE
TYPE DESTROYED

▽

THIS BOOK IS

NO. 147

PRINTED IN UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

This book is dedicated to
my wife, the former Suzanne Kingston,
in whom is combined
the strength of her father, Paul Kingston,
and
the gentle kindness of her mother,
Mary Crowe Kingston.

FOREWORD

As I WRITE these words in the fall of 1945, Paul Kingston and his wife, Mary, are hale and healthy and happy in their home on the banks of the Northwest Miramichi River near Wayerton in Northumberland County, New Brunswick. Paul Kingston will be 93 in a few weeks, his wife will be 81. In their time they have seen a sweep of mighty events, there has been change and progress and development on the river. A record of their lives presents a veritable saga of the Miramichi, for they have lived in a romantic scene which has passed, never to return. The years of Paul and Mary Kingston have been spent within the boundaries of the county in which they were born, but their spirits are heroic, their courage is limitless, they walk in the shadow of godliness and humility.

The ancestors of these two came to New Brunswick and found a harsh, raw land; a forest from which a living could be wrung by the hardest sort of work. They worked, they loved, they dreamed, they bore children. Two of these children were Paul Kingston and Mary Crowe, and a story of the long span of their lives reflects not only their own personal characters, but encompasses and mirrors very well the life of the river during those ninety years.

This account is as accurate as I have been able to determine. To any critical descendant of the Kingstons who may feel that the writing is not exactly to his taste, I can only say that this is written the way I heard it, and if he will write a book about the family I shall be delighted to receive an autographed copy.

For those who know Paul and Mary Kingston, no words are necessary to recount their genuine nobility. This book

is written so that others who will never have the opportunity to know them may learn of Miramichi history and be able to understand and appreciate the rugged virtues nurtured on the banks of the Northwest Miramichi.

If the blood of Paul and Mary Kingston flows in your veins, I hope that the reading of this book will help you to visualize the heritage that is yours. To any reader who may not have the primary interest of Kingston descent, I hope that the family history will not prove too dull, and that the logging stories and Miramichi anecdotes may prove enjoyable. The conditions under which lumber was cut and delivered have gone through a long period of change and evolution during the lifetime of Paul Kingston, and the scenes which he saw and lived are of a day which is past.

GEORGE BROOKS JOHNSON.

Hilton Village,
Newport News, Virginia,
September 15, 1945.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTER I

THE KINGSTON FAMILY

(1810-1863)

PAUL F. KINGSTON was the grandfather of the Miramichi woodsman about whom this book is primarily written, and is the first member of the family of whom we have any definite record. He was born in Ireland about 1785. His mother's maiden name was Hall, and it is believed that his father's name was Samuel Kingston and that his grandfather's name was Paul Kingston. His Kingston ancestors were English, who came to Ireland in the army at the time of Cromwell. It is not known whether these Kingstons intermarried with Irish or with other English living in Ireland, but it is known that Paul Kingston was an officer in the army, a member of the Church of England, and a Mason.

It is said that the name of the military governor of that part of Ireland at that time was Lord Bantry, and that Paul Kingston had little relish for that portion of his military duties which involved "vile oppression" of the native Irish.

Paul Kingston was a gay, gallant and handsome young man and in 1810 he met and paid court to a young lady of about twenty years of age named Lydia Byrd. Lydia was born in Ireland, though the Byrd family came originally from England and still retained membership in the Church of England. The Byrd family had relatives in America by that name who settled in Virginia; family tradition has it that they settled in "the Valley of Virginia," and that one of the American relatives founded the city of Richmond.

William Byrd was much opposed to his daughter's marriage to a man whom he termed "a soldier of fortune." Lydia's

fortune was told when she was a young girl and the fortune teller stated that "a cock would come and scatter her grain." William Byrd had a title, much wealth, and Lydia was his only child, but his remonstrances and the warning of the fortune teller were of no avail. Love had its way, and Paul Kingston and Lydia Byrd were married about 1810.

Their first child was a daughter named Susanna, and their second was a son named Samuel, who was born in 1812 at Bantry Bay, County Cork, Ireland.

It is believed that William Byrd died shortly after his daughter's marriage; at any rate, Paul Kingston soon came into management of his wife's inheritance, which ran into a great deal of property and considerable money. Samuel Kingston has told his son of memories of riding around the estate in a little cart with the caretaker collecting rents from many tenants.

However extensive the estate, by 1826 Paul Kingston had managed to run through the most of it. Paul's two brothers bought up the remnants of the estate, and Paul Kingston decided to come to Canada. Just why he made such a decision is not known. One report is that there occurred at that time a political mishap in which Paul was involved which hastened his departure, and there is some mention of a political opponent whose ears were lopped off in the settlement of a rather heated difference of opinion.

Paul and Lydia with their two children left County Cork in 1826 and sailed for Canada. Paul paid the passage of several families who had been tenants on his estate, and they all came in the same boat and landed at Newcastle.

When Paul landed he had little money left, but he found a big, open country with plenty of land to be had almost anywhere. Very little of the Miramichi had been reclaimed from the wilderness, and it was a pioneer life that these settlers must lead. There were few roads in the entire province and no roads up the Northwest Miramichi and travel was by the

rivers. In summer it was possible to load goods and supplies on boats and by horse and man power pull the boats up the river. Lighter loads could be poled up. In winter, a horse and sled found passable going on the ice that covered the streams at that time. In spring and late fall, travel of any sort was almost impossible, except on foot.

Really, there was no reason to expect civilization on the Miramichi in those days.

The Micmac Indians were the first inhabitants of the Miramichi country, and during the sixteenth and most of the seventeenth centuries there were only occasional visits by French fishermen and fur traders. However, in 1688 Richard Denys, Sieur de Fronsac, built a wooden fort on the north side of the Miramichi at the forks of the river, for trading with the Indians, and conducting cod fishing in summer. At that time there were three families settled on the river, by name of La Gassee, Degre and Lafleur

In 1756 Charles DesChamps de Boishebert established a colony on the island near the mouth of the Miramichi now known as Beaubair's Island to serve as a refuge for the Acadians who were being forcibly removed from Nova Scotia, and it is said that he brought 3,500 people to settle there; however, the colony had completely disappeared a few years later.

The first English speaking settler of the Miramichi was named William Davidson, who came from the north of Scotland in 1764 and found not a single house standing in Northumberland County. He obtained a grant of 100,000 acres on both sides of the Southwest Miramichi and his first successful commercial venture was in building a schooner of 300 tons and exporting salmon.

There were other settlers who came in the next ten years, many from Prince Edward Island, but Indian troubles from 1775 to 1780 cost the lives of many of these first settlers.

The Miramichi and the remaining portion of what is now New Brunswick was originally a part of the Province of Nova Scotia, and remained so until 1784. As the American Revolution to the south drew to a close, thousands of Loyalists thronged to New York, which was the last large port in British hands. In 1783 some 30,000 of them were transported to what was then Nova Scotia, with the large majority of them settling in the valley of the St. John River.

These Loyalists were conservatives who were intensely loyal to England, and they had little sympathy with the remote Nova Scotia government at Halifax, with its republican leanings. The Nova Scotia government was in poor repute in London, and in 1784 the separate Province of New Brunswick was founded.

At this time, the Miramichi section was still a frontier outpost of even this newly created province, but the new province began immediately to put its affairs in order. In 1785 the charter for Northumberland County was prepared, and in 1786 the limits of the county were set to include what is now Kent, Northumberland, Restigouche and Gloucester Counties. In 1789 the first County Court met at what was Beaubair's Point, now called Wilson's Point. Newcastle was founded as a town in 1792.

Progress was slow but steady, and settlement had not reached far up the river. There were no roads and the river was the only highway. There were no schools, bridges or ferries. About 1786 the first sawmill on the Miramichi was erected, and cut masts and spars for use in British ship yards. The forest was thus early taking the place of the fur trade and fisheries as the major source of income of the Miramichi watershed. In 1792 the first two cargoes of squared timber ever shipped from the Miramichi left Beaubair's Insland. Up to then the main trade with England had been in fish, furs and moose skins, but lumbering was becoming important, and by 1800 some few small ships had been built.

In 1800 the only churches in the country were the Indian chapel at Burnt Church and one at Wilson's Point. At South Nelson there was a Catholic mission chapel which had been founded at the time of the earliest French settlements. It was visited every few months by traveling missionaries who performed marriage and baptism ceremonies, and their early records are still kept at the church and are the oldest in that part of the province.

It is interesting to note that the early settlers of the towns of Newcastle and Chatham applied for land grants in the usual way and received town lots extending back a mile and three-eighths from the river. Every lot was a waterfront lot.

The summer of 1825 was marked by a long drought which parched the entire province. A forest fire of almost unbelievable intensity started at the mouth of Booby Brook, headed southeast, then the wind shifted and it traveled north. It spread as far as the Nashwaak River, and an offshoot of it burned about thirty buildings in Fredericton, including the Government House on October 7. This same day the fire reached Newcastle and totally destroyed the town.

Robert Cooney, who lived within a mile of Newcastle, states in his history that the fire burned six thousand square miles of virgin timber, destroyed 160 people, 600 buildings, and that the property loss was almost a million dollars, exclusive of the value of the timber lost. Cooney described the fire as follows:

"The tremendous bellowing became more and more terrific. The earth seemed to stagger as if it had reeled upon its ancient foundations. Earth, air, sea and sky, all visible creation, seemed to conspire against man, and to totter under the weight of some dreadful commission they were charged to execute."

A large lumber camp was located about three miles due east of Three Islands on the Northwest Miramichi above Wayerton, at the big spring near which Harve Urquhart now

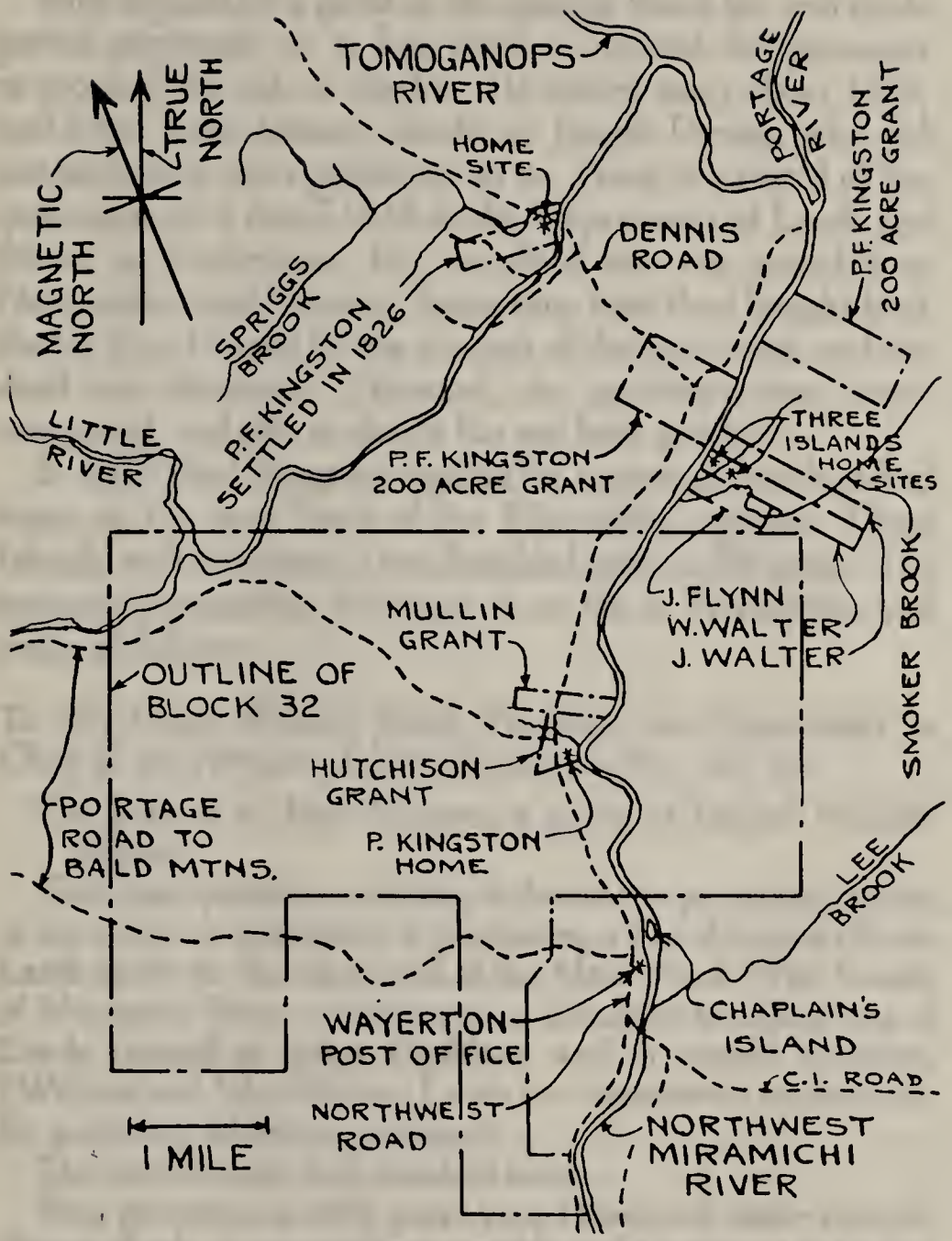
has a hunting camp. The spring is large and very deep. When the fire approached this lumber camp, one of the men got into the spring, and the others started to run toward the nearest stream. However, the camp cook named Jim Esty was lame and, there not being room in the spring for two men, the man in the spring, with a nobility and kindliness that is so often encountered in men of the forest, got out and let the lame cook have his place. The fire traveled like mad and soon overtook the fleeing men. Every man in the camp was burned to death except the cook.

That, briefly, is a little bit of the background of the land to which Paul Kingston and his wife Lydia came in 1826.

Turning our attention back to Paul and Lydia on their arrival in Newcastle in 1826, we know that they went upriver and built a house at Spriggs Brook, which empties into the Northwest Miramichi about a mile above the spot where Tomoganops River joins the Northwest. The cellar of the original house is still to be seen there.

Just why Paul selected such an isolated spot as Spriggs Brook to settle is not known. The Baizleys lived on the same side of the Northwest, a little upstream, and the Sullivans lived on the opposite side, still farther up. An old settler had been living in that vicinity a few years before, but he had stolen an ox, killed it, and salted it down in five barrels, which he buried under his potato patch. Justice may have been a bit slow in those days, but this particular old settler ended up in jail and was no more seen on the Northwest.

Paul Kingston had never done any manual labor, and appeared to be ill fitted to wring a living from a new and harsh country. The tenants who came over with him settled in the near-by country and helped him a great deal with building his house, planting his crops, etc. However, Paul showed considerably more business ability than he had manifested in the handling of Lydia's inheritance. He acquired a good deal of land and was regarded as well-to-do.



Map Showing the Country Where the Kingstons Settled.

Paul applied for a grant of the Spriggs Brook lot, and made partial payments on it, but never completed the payments or received the title to the lot. He moved away about 1835, and later "quit-claimed" the lot to Joseph Dennis, who did not make any other payments on it. There is a record of the quit-claim-deed dated 1838 in the Department of Lands and Mines at Fredericton, but the deed was not recorded in Northumberland County. Some time later Paul bought back the lot from Dennis for the amount of the quit-claim, and the deed was destroyed. However, the payments were never completed, and title to the lot has not been granted.

In 1830 Paul Kingston applied for a grant of four hundred acres on the west bank of the Miramichi, opposite Three Islands, and was granted two hundred acres at this point. His memorial requesting the grant is on file at Fredericton and reads as follows:

To His Honor William Black, President and Commander in Chief of the Province of New Brunswick, etc., etc., etc.

The Petition of Paul Kingston a native of Ireland Humbly Sheweth,

That your petitioner wishing to become a permanent settler in the Province is desirous of purchasing a Lot of vacant Crown Land situate on the south side of the Main North West branch of Miramichi River, to commence at the upper boundary line of Lands granted to James Houlihan, and to extend upstream. (William and John Walters Lands are immediately opposite the lot petitioner wishes to purchase)

The lot to contain four hundred acres.

Your petitioner humbly prays your Honor will make the conditions of sale as reasonable as possible and be pleased to let him know as early as convenient what the first installment may be, as he is ready to pay it immediately.

And your petitioner as in duty bound will ever pray.

PAUL KINGSTON

Miramichi 14th July 1830

On the original memorial, the word "four" of the "four hundred acres" is scratched through and the word "two" written in above, presumably by an official at Fredericton. On the back of the memorial occur various notations regarding the transaction. The price was set to be paid in four installments, with interest. The first payment of seven pounds was made on October 4, 1830, and the lot was entered on the "general plan" on December 11, 1830. A payment of 20 pounds 11 shillings, covering the remaining three installments with interest, was paid on 20 Feby. 1837, and the grant made out in 1837.

The title of this two hundred acre lot passed from Paul F. Kingston at his death to his son, Samuel Kingston, who in turn left it to his son, Samuel Kingston, who traded it in its original condition and entirety, with never a stick of timber cut on it, to John R. Allison for a horse.

In a memorial dated August 20, 1832, Paul Kingston requested another two hundred acre grant, described as on the southern side of the Nor'west, but perhaps better described as on the east side. The wording is as follows:

"To His Excellency Major General Sir Archibald Campbell Kt.GCB, Lieut. Governor and Commander in Chief of the Province of New Brunswick, etc., etc., etc.

The Petition of Paul Kingston of the Parish of Newcastle and County of Northumberland

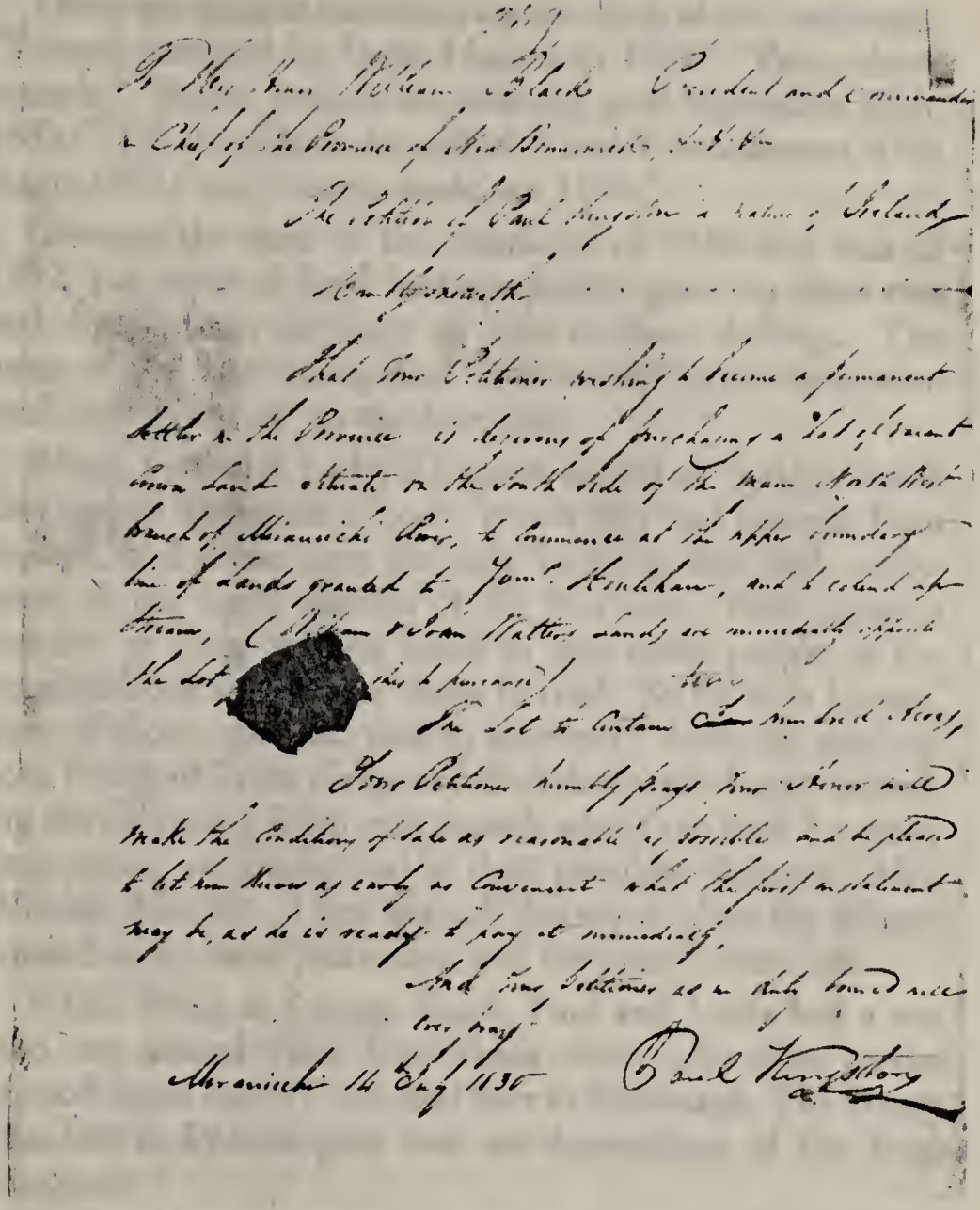
Humbly Sheweth

That he is a British subject and is desirous of purchasing two hundred acres of land, situate as follows on the southern side of the Main Norwest Branch of the Miramichi River, adjoining and east of a lot lately applied for William Allison, which is more particularly described by Deputy Hunters survey, at the price of three shillings per acre, that the said land is in the natural wilderness state, and no improvements thereon

And so in duty bound will ever pray

PAUL KINGSTON

Dated 20th August, 1832"



A memorial prepared by Paul F. Kingston in 1830 requesting a grant of land on the Northwest Miramichi

There are various notations on the back of the memorial: "Vacant, surveyed by Dept. Hunter in 1832," "Price, thirty pounds," "Seven pounds ten shilling, paid September 12th, 1832," "Pd. 22 pounds 10 as 2nd, 3 and 4 installments, 17th Augt. 1835," and "Grant made out 1836."

Between the time of the memorial of 1830 and that of 1832, the price of land had apparently gone up from two and three-quarter shillings an acre to three shillings. The name of the river was spelled "Northwest" in the first memorial and "Norwest" in the later one.

When Paul and Lydia Kingston settled at Spriggs Brook they owned a number of books which they had brought from Ireland, and those were the only books in that little settlement on the upper reaches of the Nor'west. Paul copied a number of them in long hand so that other people in the neighborhood might have them to read. So far as is known, none of those copies are now in existence. After the death of both Paul and Lydia Kingston, all of the family books, including the old family Bible with records which ran back for many generations, were inherited by their daughter Susanna (Mrs. William Allison). They were all destroyed when the Allison house burned some years later, and the records were lost.

While living at Spriggs Brook, Paul and Lydia had a son who was named Paul, born about 1830, who came to the United States in 1877 and died later in Pittsburgh. The Hunts who live in Philadelphia now are descendants of this Paul Kingston.

Paul and Lydia also had a daughter named Avis, who married John Flynn, a son of one of the tenants who came across with Paul and Lydia. Avis and John Flynn went to Pennsylvania about 1850 and had seven sons.

In 1830 there occurred two matters of family consequence. Paul Kingston's oldest son, Samuel, at the age of 18 became a Catholic, to the great annoyance of his older sister, Susanna,

who was a most ardent Church of England member and was at that time very much in love with William Allison.

Paul and Lydia Kingston did not approve of the hasty courtship of Susanna and William Allison; however, William came up one summer night in his canoe and he and Susanna eloped down the river and were married. The union was a most happy one and William Allison became one of the foremost citizens of the county.

About 1835, Paul Kingston moved from the Spriggs Brook lot and bought the John Walter and William Walter lots (110 acres each) at Three Islands, on the east bank of the Northwest Miramichi, about nine miles down the river from Spriggs Brook, and he and his wife, Lydia, and their sons, Samuel and Paul, and daughter, Avis, moved to Three Islands. Their first house was located about fifty yards back from the river, but the spring freshets often flooded the lowland meadows and a second house was built later, on the hill about a half mile back from the river. The cellars of both houses are still to be seen.

On September 28, 1835, Samuel Kingston was married to Mary Curry. The entry in the Records of Marriages kept at St. Patrick's Rectory, South Nelson, New Brunswick, reads as follows:

"Sept. 28, 1835—On the same day (see margin) by License Saml. Kingston and Mary Curry, natives of Ireland, were married according to the rite of the Catholic Church by me, the undersigned Missionary, in presence of Danl. and Anne Curry.

M. Egan, P.P."

Mary Curry was born in 1815 in Belldune, New Brunswick, and the statement in the above record that she was a native of Ireland is in error. It is believed that her parents were natives of Ireland.

Samuel Kingston and his wife, Mary, went to live with Samuel's parents at Three Islands. About 1848 they all

moved to a home at the mouth of Trout Brook and lived there until 1853, when they moved back to Three Islands. Paul F. Kingston died at Three Islands about 1853, and is buried in the cemetery at the English Settlement Church at Trout Brook. After his death, Lydia spent much of her time with her daughter, Susanna, Mrs. William Allison. Lydia died at Samuel's home at Three Islands about 1863, and is also buried at Trout Brook.

Paul F. Kingston's favorite song, which he taught to his son, Samuel, and which Samuel taught to his son, Paul, is a Masonic hymn which was repeated by the latter Paul in 1940 as follows:

In scripture we read of a noble king,
A monarch of Israel, his praises we sing.
He built a fine fabric, as you may understand,
Upon Mount Moriah, near Jerusalem.

He slew great Goliath in Scripture we find,
And purchased those lands to raise this design.
He ordered young Solomon, he being his son,
To finish this building he had begun.

Young Solomon, in order to execute his plan
He numbered all the workmen there in the land.
Five thousand, six hundred he had in reserve,
Forty thousand on the mountains to hew, cut and carve.

Four thousand, five hundred were chosen to be
All masters of workmen and to oversee.
Now you may believe me, it's certainly true,
He clothed them all in the orange and blue.

Young Solomon a letter to Tyre did send,
Beseeching King Hiram to be his friend.
King Hiram being willing to grant him relief,
He sent a cunning craftsman called Hiram the Chief.

Now this cunning craftsman the stones he did square
All ready for building before they came there.
It was on proper carriages they carried them down
That on that fine building no hammer should sound.

He was a son of a widow of the tribe of Dan,
In every particular he acted a man.
He being cunning and curious in art,
None could exceed him when casting in brass.

He built up two cherubims, all of the image work,
Likewise two wings to cover the Ark,
They reached so far over King Solomon's courts,
He could behold them when ere he went forth.

When the Queen of Sheba she heard of his fame,
Down to Jerusalem she quickly came.
When then she came there, she was filled with surprise,
This beautiful building so dazzled her eyes.

She asked him questions concerning his art,
He answered her in everything belonging to his part.
For wit and for learning none could him excel,
And the Queen of Sheba, she loved him well.

(Paul Kingston in 1940 thinks he may have
forgotten some verses here)

May the God of Heaven that rules the lodge above,
Bless all the free-masons with infinite love.
Bless the memory of King Solomon, King Hiram also,
We'll fill up a bumper, we'll drink, and we'll go.

And so let us leave our account of the doings of Paul F. Kingston and his wife, Lydia Byrd Kingston. We know little more about them than is written above. They were well bred and had strong characters. They came from a life of luxury in Ireland to meet the rude and savage impact of a new world and they were not dismayed; they strengthened under adversity. We know that they were honest and honorable. Their blood line runs strong and true in the breasts of their descendants.

CHAPTER II

PAUL KINGSTON

(1863-1882)

THE year 1863 marked the end of an era in the Kingston family, for it was in that year that Lydia Byrd Kingston died, severing the last direct family tie with Ireland. In this eventful year, her grandson, Paul Kingston, was eleven years old. He had been born at Trout Brook on December 29, 1852, but had lived there only six months, at which time his parents and grandparents moved back to their Three Islands home. From this point on in these pages we shall follow the family history of the Kingstons as reflected in the life of this young Paul Kingston.

Paul Kingston's very first days were marked by excitement. Born in December, the following March he was taken down to Nelson, just across the river from Newcastle, to be baptized at a little church to which a Catholic missionary made occasional visits. Paul was brought down the river on top of a load of loose hay on a sled. There was glare ice (absolutely smooth like glass) on the river, and rounding a turn the sled slewed and the infant Paul was thrown off on the ice and skidded for fifty feet. Bundled up as he was, he wasn't hurt in the least.

Paul's boyhood at Three Islands was like that of most other boys of that time and country. He fished and swam in the river in summer, he snowshoed and trapped a bit in the winter, he did chores around the house, he went to school.

To one living in 1945 when the Harve Urquhart home opposite Three Islands is the last house up the river, it is hard to realize that in the 1860's there was a large settlement above

Three Islands, most of the settlers living on the west bank of the river, between Three Islands and the junction of the Northwest Miramichi and Portage Rivers, but with a few settlers still farther up the Northwest at the Dennis and Sullivan places.

Joseph Dennis had bought the Spriggs Brook lot from Paul F. Kingston. Dennis and his wife were native Irish who had emigrated to New Brunswick, and they raised a family of three sons and five daughters. Dennis was industrious and a good farmer. He owned 70 head of cattle, two or three teams of horses, and made fifty tons of hay a year.

Dennis was very proud of his farm and his stock. One day he was down river near Newcastle visiting a friend named Ryan, an ancestor of the present Jack and Dennis Ryan of Chaplain Island Road, and they walked over the Ryan farm to inspect it. Dennis admitted that the barn was a good one, but could hardly compare with the splendid barn on his own farm; the cows were fat and handsome but nothing like as well kept as the Dennis cows; the stand of timber was good, but the trees on the Dennis place were larger and higher; Mrs. Ryan was a fine looking woman and cooked well, but was neither as beautiful nor as good a cook as Mrs. Dennis. Ryan stood this boasting very well and in good temper until the merits of Mrs. Ryan were dragged into the conversation, at which point Ryan could stand it no longer and exploded with the comment, "Dennis, you brag too much and you are a liar and a heathen. You are just an old heathen; you don't even bring your children down river to be baptized until you have a canoe full."

Another friend and neighbor of Dennis was a native Irish bachelor named Sullivan who lived near Dennis, and he and Dennis were great rivals in everything. Sullivan predicted the time and circumstances of Dennis's death, saying that within a year he would be kicked by a horse and die. Sullivan's prophecy came true in all its details.

Other early grants were in the names of John Sewell, James Abbott, James Ledden, Robert Ledden, James Hallihan, Paul Kingston, John Flynn, William Walter, John Walter, William Allison, John R. Allison, W. Baizley, Patrick Mullin, Richard Hutchison, Thomas Keys, H. Oaldfield, Jared Tozer, James Tozer, David Tozer, Thomas Shannon, Isaac Paley, Richard McLaughlan, E. Williston, Patrick Sullivan, Eben Traverse, John Hillock and Alex. Copp.

The settlers were a rugged breed; the weather and the wilderness killed off the weaklings. They had not had much schooling themselves, but they got together and built a log schoolhouse, located where the Dennis Road (to the Spriggs Brook lot) joins the Northwest Road. One of the schoolmasters who taught Paul Kingston was a Mr. Hamilton and another was a Scotchman named Bell. The schoolmaster would board around among the different settlers, staying two weeks at a time at each house. School lasted only a few months of the year and was not held in the winter time.

This schoolhouse was abandoned in 1864, when Paul Kingston was twelve years old, and where the old schoolhouse stood is now deep forest, with not one single mark to indicate that there was ever a building there.

For the following school years, Paul was sent down to Trout Brook to board and to attend the Trout Brook school. The schooling offered was of the most elementary type, and most of the boys started working when they were about twelve years old.

There was no school in the neighborhood for many years after the Three Islands schoolhouse was abandoned. However, the school was eventually reopened, the new schoolhouse standing on a spot near the present home of Harve Urquhart. The site is now a gravel pit, but when Paul Kingston's oldest son, Joe, grew old enough to go to school, there was a school for him to attend. As the earlier settlers abandoned their up-river farms, the school was moved once more, to its present

location just above Wayerton Post Office, and Paul Kingston's younger children attended school there.

When Paul was growing up, two of his favorite playmates were John and Neil Mullin, who lived with their parents on the opposite side of the river, about three miles below Three Islands. Patrick Mullin had homesteaded 50 acres next to the 50 acre Richard Hutchison grant and had arranged to buy the Hutchison grant. The Mullin home was not pretentious, but young Paul Kingston thought that the location and the view of the big bend of the Nor'west at that point was the handsomest on the river, and his young mind was made up from a very early age that some day he would own that property and live there.

When Paul was about twelve years old he was sent from Three Islands to Newcastle with a horse and sled to get some provisions. That event in itself is an indication of the mettle of the boy—that he could be trusted to make such a trip when only twelve years old. But an even surer proof of the fire and spirit of the youth was soon to come.

Driving back with the loaded sled, Paul came to the Newcastle town hill, just at the edge of town on the Chaplain Island road. It was a real steep ascent, a tough pull at any time, and now slick with snow. Several of the town boys, whom he did not know, were walking along, and hopped on the sled to get a ride up the hill. Paul thought that with the heavy load of provisions the addition of the weight of the boys would overload the horse, and he told the boys to get off the sled, it was just too hard on the horse.

The boys were bigger and older than Paul and merely laughed at him and refused to get off. Paul stopped the sled and told them that he would lick the lot of them if they would come at him one by one. The hill is right at the edge of town, and several of the townspeople were attracted by the noise of the argument and gathered around to see the outcome. The Newcastle boys fought fair, and did not gang up on him, and

Paul whipped the whole bunch of boys, one by one. By the end of the fight there was a large crowd of spectators whose sympathies at first were with the home town boys, but the spunk of this strange lad from the country soon won them over, and they were cheering for Paul at the end. Paul never had one particle of trouble with any Newcastle boy from that time on and made many strong and fast friends among them.

When Paul Kingston was fifteen years old, his father got a contract to provide enough cedar shingles to cover a group of stores being built in Newcastle, just at the foot of the big bridge across the river to Nelson. There were no shingle making machines then, and each shingle had to be planed out by hand.

In 1938 the writer of this book inspected those shingles, which were then 71 years old. The stores were unoccupied, but the shingles were in a perfect state of preservation and attested right well to the good, honest, hard work that Paul and his father put into hewing and planing them.

Paul Kingston was an enterprising lad, even at fifteen. In some manner or other he convinced some of the members of the town government of Newcastle that they needed shade trees planted around the town, and received a contract to furnish and plant elm trees all along the streets of the town. Paul and his brother, Samuel, dug these elms near Three Islands, hauled them to town in a horse-drawn two-wheeled cart, and planted them. Any tree which failed to take root and live was to be replaced free the next year. All of the elms at present growing in Newcastle, including the great elms around the city square, were planted by Paul and his brother in 1867 and 1868.

Paul was ambitious and saved what money he earned. Living up in the woods, where there was very little money in circulation, cash was seldom seen and it was not easy to save money. When you did get any, the temptation was great to spend it on some of the little luxuries that were available on

the rare occasions when one could get to town. But Paul worked hard and Paul saved his money.

The tangible evidences of wealth in that country were the ownership of land and the ownership of horses. In the early days of the century, oxen were used for hauling timber, but by 1869 all such work was done by horses.

Two hundred and fifty dollars was a lot of cash money in 1869, but by the time Paul was 17 years old, he had saved that amount. He walked to Newcastle and bought a handsome, young black horse. Paul had been around horses, but he was still a youngster, and he didn't know too much about them. When he got the horse back home to Three Islands he found that it balked.

The savings of five years which, of course, meant his whole lifetime up to that point had been invested in a balky horse. It was a bitter realization, and a rude introduction to the old game of horse trading, where it is every man for himself, and let the buyer beware.

Paul gritted his teeth and set to work on the big black horse. He fed the horse well, groomed him, curried him, shined him up. Every time that the horse was in a particularly good humor Paul would drive to Newcastle and parade around town. Old Mr. Patrick Hennessy was one of the wealthy men of the town who had an eye for handsome horses, and after Paul had made several trips to town Mr. Hennessy spoke to Paul and said, "Boy, will you sell that horse?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied Paul, "I guess so."

So Paul received three hundred dollars for his horse, which was a profit over what he had paid for it. A few weeks later Paul was in town and met Mr. Hennessy, who said to him, "Boy, why didn't you tell me that horse balked?"

"Well," answered Paul, "I knew you'd find it out for yourself right off."

That incident marked the end of Paul's boyhood and his entrance into manhood. He bought another horse, he worked

hard, he continued to save his money. By 1872 he had enough money to buy a second horse and he became a teamster, hiring out himself and his team for what work there was to be done.

The winters of 1872 and 1873 Paul Kingston hired out with his team to work on the building of the Canadian National railway. His father also hired out with his own team for the same work. They hauled stone from Bartibogue quarry to the big railroad culvert nearby. Paul Kingston has said that the thing that impressed him most about the railroad work was the gang of Cape Breton men working on the job; the ablest, huskiest gang of men he had ever seen.

This was a time of great change for the Miramichi. Her relative isolation except by sea was to be broken, and when the railroad between Moncton and Campbellton was opened to traffic on November 8, 1875, a new day dawned.

After working on the railroad in the winter of 1872, Paul Kingston participated the following spring in another epochal event—the last timber drive on the Miramichi. It was a Tomoganops River drive, and the last time that squared timbers were to be driven down the river.

In the early days of the century, the most valuable product of the Miramichi was timber suitable for use as masts and spars of sailing vessels, and many shiploads of such timber were sent to England. The great tall trees suitable for the biggest masts were never very common, and the entire section was scoured for such trees. The best of them in the most accessible places were cut before the Miramichi fire in 1825. However, in the Bald Mountains at the headwaters of the Northwest Miramichi there may be seen today many tremendous stumps four feet across that were cut over a hundred years ago. The present Paul Kingston says that these big trees were cut many years before he was born, and that his father told him that "the McCombs boys" did most of the cutting in the early days in the Bald Mountains.

Juniper knees were in great demand for use in making the ribs of the wooden ships of which so many were built on the Miramichi.

There were few horses used in the early days; oxen were usually used for the hauling. The great trees were hewn into squared timbers, using broadaxes. The smaller trees were for use as spars and the best and tallest were to serve as masts. The squared timber was driven down river in the spring.

The introduction and use of large sawmills down at tidewater gradually forced the abandonment of the more expensive practice of hand-hewing the logs into timbers where they were cut and, as stated above, the last timber drive was in the spring of 1873.

All this time while the young Paul Kingston was maturing into manhood he continued to be an ardent hunter and fisherman. About two miles east of Three Islands is a big mudhole which was a favorite congregating and wallowing place for moose, and Paul stalked and bagged many a moose at that place.

Caribou were everywhere. A few miles further east of the moose mudhole is a tremendous big barren in which Trout Brook, Lee Brook and Smoker Brook all have their origin, and this big barren was a favorite resort of the caribou.

Paul used an old muzzle loading rifle and was always a wonderful shot. One shooting incident which occurred in May, 1937, with Paul Kingston crowding ninety years of age, will stick long in the memories of those who witnessed it. A half dozen members of the family were gathered in the back yard of the Kingston house at Wayerton and shooting at boulders in the Nor'west, which flows not fifty yards from the doorstep.

The group picked out a small, flap-topped rock about a hundred and fifty yards away. Sam Kingston shot and missed. Paul's daughter, Suzanne, shot and came pretty close. Con Kingston shot and missed. Suzanne's husband shot and scat-

tered only spray. The Boss had eagle eyes in his younger days, but his younger days were many score years behind him. All urged him to shoot and he refused; said he could hardly see the rock out there so small and so far away. However, after several refusals and more urging, he put the .300 Savage to his shoulder, pulled the trigger, and the thud of the bullet on the rock was plainly audible.

But returning to our caribou story, in the winter of 1875 Paul's older brother, Samuel, bought a new gun. It was a repeating lever-action Marlin, a wonderful gun for those times, and the first repeater that he or Paul had ever seen. The gun was new and handsome and worked like magic. Paul was very envious of his brother. Paul looked at that beautiful new gun and yearning was in his heart, and Samuel didn't make things any easier with his numerous disparaging remarks about Paul's old muzzle loader. That night Paul didn't sleep well from dreaming about that beautiful Marlin.

The next morning Samuel just had to go hunting, and he asked Paul to go along to help carry in all the game he expected to kill with that new repeater. Paul went along, but his heart was not in the hunt.

The brothers traveled to the northern end of the big caribou barrens, north of the headwaters of Smoker Brook, almost to the Gloucester County line. Finally they saw a herd of caribou. They stalked cautiously to within about fifty yards. Samuel was to have the first shot, and he aimed carefully and fired at a tremendous stag. The herd was confused and milled around excitedly. Samuel worked the lever of his gun and fired again, and again, and again. Just about the time that the herd finally decided which way to run, Samuel was out of ammunition. Paul fired one shot with the old muzzle loader and the big stag dropped, shot through the heart. Paul Kingston has said many times that this was one of the big moments of his life.

In this same year of 1875 occurred another event which is still referred to in family conversation as "the incident of the Philadelphia money." The first Paul Kingston who came to New Brunswick in 1826 left a brother named Samuel Kingston in Ireland, as mentioned in the first chapter of this book. The brother did not remain long in Ireland, but came to America about 1827 and settled on a farm near the outskirts of Philadelphia.

Philadelphia grew and what was once a farm in the outskirts became by 1875 a large piece of very valuable city property. Samuel died in 1875 and left his entire estate to his brother, Paul. Paul had been dead for twenty years, and his heirs were his children: Samuel Kingston, Paul Kingston and Susanna Kingston Allison of the Miramichi, and Avis Kingston Flynn of Philadelphia.

As the oldest son and heir, Samuel Kingston made all preparations to go to Philadelphia to represent the three New Brunswick heirs and dispose of the estate, but traveling from Newcastle to Philadelphia in 1875 was a major undertaking and Samuel worried about the difficulties of the trip. At the very last minute Samuel decided not to go, but to depend on his sister, Avis, and her husband, John Flynn, who was a lawyer in Philadelphia, to settle the estate.

Two years passed and the only word that Flynn sent to New Brunswick was that he was doing the best he could to settle things. Then Samuel's younger brother, Paul (the youngest child of Paul the First), went to Philadelphia to try to attempt a settlement, but made no progress whatever and died later in Pittsburgh.

The New Brunswick Kingstons do not know to this day who got the money from the estate in Philadelphia; all they know is that they never did receive one penny from it.

In 1877 occurred an incident which made such an impression on Paul Kingston that he remembers it now as vividly as though it were yesterday. He was driving his own team

hauling a heavy load of supplies to a lumber camp on the Dungarvon River.

The Dungarvon River empties into the Renous and is a good lumber country. In 1875 there was a lumber camp on the Dungarvon. The young cook at camp had quite a bit of gold money, which he always carried in a money belt. One afternoon when the woods crew came back from their work in the woods they found the cook dead, and the camp boss there in camp with the dead man's body. The boss said that the cook had just up and died for no known reason, but the men noted that the cook's money belt was missing.

There was already quite a lot of snow on the ground, and that night it snowed hard. There was four feet of snow on the ground in the morning. It was impossible to take the cook to town for decent burial in the graveyard. The men dug a grave for the dead cook by the side of a little spring near camp (since known as Whooper Spring), but the snow was so deep and the ground frozen so solid that it took almost all day to get the grave dug and the man interred.

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That night there sounded the most unearthly whoopings and shoutings in the surrounding woods that had ever been heard on Dungarvon River. Next morning the entire outfit hit straight for town, right through the four feet of snow. The lumber company brought in another crew of men, but the whooping continued and that crew left. A third crew left in short order.

It was two years later that Paul Kingston was hauling in supplies to another camp on Dungarvon. He was driving along the side of a lake in the late afternoon, and when within a few miles of camp he heard a loud whoop over in the woods.

Thinking the whoop was made by one of the logging crew from camp who was lost, Paul reined in his team and shouted back at him to guide him. Then all hell broke loose. There was a bedlam of sound—whoops and yells and shouts came

from all sides. The horses plunged, reared, jumped, and broke all their rigging. The whooping subsided, and Paul was able then to quiet the horses, but there was no time to repair all the harness before dark, so he got on one horse and rode him to camp, leading the other horse. He returned in the morning, repaired the rigging, and hauled the load on into camp.

Perhaps some people will not believe that story. Probably some will claim it is pure imagination. But Paul Kingston believes it, for he was there, and he heard the whooping. Many other people heard the strange whooping at one time or another, and soon all woodsmen were afraid to go into that part of the woods.

The matter finally became so well known and a matter of such real concern that in 1912 Father Murdoch from Renous led a party of men up to Whooper Spring, dug up the bones of the camp cook, took them down to Renous Cemetery, and buried them there. The Dungarvon Whooper has never been heard since that day.

The well-known Renous poet, Michael Whalen, has immortalized the Dungarvon Whooper in a poem by that name:

Far within the forest scene, where the trees forever green
Form a contrast to the beech and birches grey,
Where the snow lies white and deep, and the snowbirds seem to sleep,
And cease their sweetest singing all the day,
Where the mighty monster moose, of limbs long and large and loose,
Through the forest sweeps with strides both swift and strong,
Where the caribou and deer, swim the brooks so crystal clear,
Where the deep and dark Dungarvon sweeps along.

Where the black bear has his den, far beyond the haunts of men,
Where the muskrat, mink and marten fill the streams,
Where the squirrel light and free, swiftly springs from tree to tree,

And the lovely snowwhite rabbit sleeps and dreams,
Where the sounds of toil resound, far across the frozen ground,
And the thousand things that to the woods belong,
Where the saws and axes ring, and the woodsmen wildly sing,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

In a lumber camp one day, while the crew were far away,
And the boss and cook were in that camp alone,
A sad tragedy took place, and death won another race,
When the young cook swiftly passed to the unknown.
From that day of long ago, comes this weird tale of woe,
The sad and solemn subject of my song,
When this young man drooped and died, in his youth and manhood's pride,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

When the crew returned at night, what a sad scene met their sight,
There lay the young cook, silent, cold and dead.
Death was in his curling hair, in his young face pale and fair,
While his knapsack formed a pillow for his head.
From the belt about his waist, all his money was misplaced,
Which made the men suspect some serious wrong.
Was it murder cold and dread, that befell the fair young dead,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along?

When they asked the skipper why he had made no wild outcry,
He turned away and hid his haughty head.
"Well, the youngster took so sick, and he died so mighty quick,
I hadn't time to think," was all he said.
A tear was in each eye, each heart heaved a heavy sigh,
While through each breast the strangest feeling throng,
Then each reverent head was bared, as his funeral they prepared,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Fast fell the driven snow, while the wildest winds did blow,
Till four feet deep it lay upon the ground,
So that on the burial day, to the graveyard far away,

To bear the corpse impossible was found.
Then a forest grave was made, and in it the cook was layed,
While the songbirds and the woodsmen ceased their song,
There the last farewells were said, o'er the young and lonely dead,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Then the crew to camp returned, their dear comrade still they mourned,
While the shades of night were falling o'er the hill.
All that long and fearful night, all the camp was in affright,
Such fearful whoops and yells the forest fill.
Pale and ghastly was each face, "We shall leave this fearful place,
For this camp unto the demon does belong.
Ere the dawning of the day, we shall hasten far away,
From where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along."

Since that day, so goes the word, fearful sounds have long been heard,
Far around the scene where lies the woodsman's grave.
Whoops, the stoutest heart to thrill; yells, the warmest blood to chill,
And send terror to the bravest of the brave,
Till beside the grave did stand, God's good man with lifted hand,
And prayed that He these sounds would not prolong,
That these fearful sounds would cease, and the region rest in peace.
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

Since that day the sounds have ceased, and the region is released,
From those most unearthly whoops and screams and yells.
All around the Whooper's Spring, there is heard no evil thing,
And around the Whooper's grave deep silence dwells.
Be this story false or true, I have told it unto you,
As I heard it from the folk lore all life long,
So I hope all strife shall cease, and our people dwell in peace,
Where the dark and deep Dungarvon sweeps along.

CHAPTER III

THE CROWE FAMILY

(1826-1882)

Cornelius Crowe was born on April 10, 1826, in Ireland, presumably in Wexford County. He was an only child. The names of his parents are not known, but they were of old Irish Catholic stock and devout church people. In 1836 his parents brought Cornelius Crowe with them to New Brunswick. They landed in Newcastle to find that city and the entire Miramichi area well started on an era of shipbuilding that was to bring an international fame and a point of prosperity that has not since been equalled.

In the days of wooden ships, the natural economical procedure was to build ships where suitable timber was available. The Miramichi area met this requirement, with wonderful stands of virgin spruce, pine and tamarack accessible for driving downriver to the shipyards on Miramichi Bay. The industry began about 1820, by the 1850's had reached proportions not exceeded anywhere in Canada, and by 1870 had succumbed to progress in the form of steam driven steel ships.

Some of the largest ships built in the Maritimes were built on Miramichi Bay, and one firm built several Australian clippers for the Black Ball Line; one of them, the "Indian Queen," had a sailing time to Australia which was beaten only once, and that by the famous St. John ship, the "Marco Polo."

The town of Douglastown, three miles from Newcastle, was founded in 1812 as a shipbuilding town by the firm of Gilmour, Rankin and Company, and in the period from 1820 to 1848 the town of Chatham was dominated by the famous

shipbuilder, Joseph Cunard, the brother of Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard Line. At one time in his spectacular career Joseph Cunard owned at least one of the islands in the Northwest Miramichi, just below the junction with Portage River, which are today known as Three Islands, the particular island still being known as Cunard Island.

That then was the community into which ten-year-old Cornelius Crowe and his parents entered fresh from Ireland. His father had no money in his pocket and no artisan's skill at any trade connected with shipbuilding. He eked out a living for a time in Newcastle, taking what work might come to hand, and then applied for a grant and homesteaded a lot on the west bank of the Northwest Miramichi at Sevogle, and applied himself to the only work with which he was familiar, which was farming.

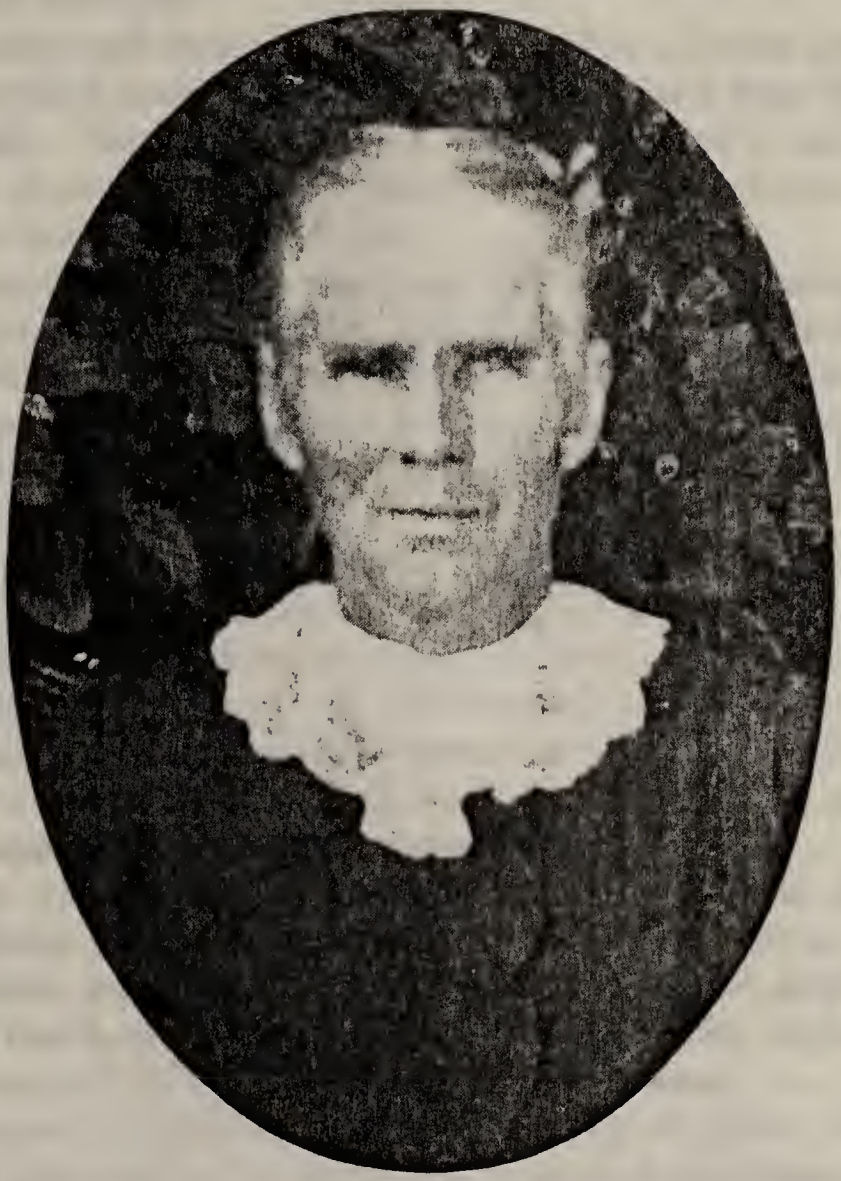
In the Records of Marriages at St. Patrick's Rectory, South Nelson, New Brunswick, appears the following entry:

"On the fourth of Augt., 1863, Banns published. Cornelius Crowe and Anne Dooling were married according to the rite of the Catholic Church in presence of James Dooling and Mary Hyland by me the undersigned

M. Egan, V.G."

The spelling of "Dooling" or sometimes "Doolin" is seldom used now and should be "Dolan." It is not known whether or not James Dolan was a relative of Anne Dolan. Furthermore, Mary Ann Crowe Kingston states that though the banns were published on August 4, the actual marriage took place August 20.

Anne Dolan was born in Red Bank, New Brunswick, about 1828. The names of her parents are unknown, nor is there any record as to when they or any of their ancestors came to New Brunswick. They were of old Irish Catholic stock, and are believed to have come originally from Limerick.



MARY CROWE KINGSTON

"Because He knew the way was long,
And through a dark and lonely land,
Upon her lips God placed a song,
And put a lantern in her hand."

The dates of deaths of Cornelius Crowe's parents are not known to this writer.

Cornelius and Anne Dolan Crowe lived in a house built on a beautiful knoll overlooking and not far back from the Miramichi. There were no stoves in those days and all cooking was done in a big open stone fireplace. A bit smoky at times, but otherwise effective.

Homespun linens and wool were fashioned into blankets and clothing. Flax was grown, picked, dried for three weeks, and the fibrous material then separated from the straw. Then this fibre went through the "heckling" or combing stage, onto the distaff, the swift and the spool until it was ready for weaving.

Each family kept a few sheep, both for mutton and for wool. Usually one person in the neighborhood would be particularly adept at shearing sheep, and when shearing time came would make the rounds, spending a day at each house. The wool would be carded and spun and woven, and in that manner a Miramichi housewife made all her own cloth and was independent of the stores at the settlement.

There was always butter and cream and cheese in the spring house, hens in the barnyard, plenty of flour, berries in the summer which were preserved or made into jelly, always a pig or two for pork, salmon in the river in summer, caribou and moose and partridge in the woods in abundance.

There was no white flour, but the settlers grew wheat, took it to the grist mill in Newcastle, and brought home plenty of grain flour, milled with the husk in it, and many people claim that they liked the old grain flour better than the new-fangled white flour that one now buys from a store.

The old pioneers were all mutually helpful and friendly. Almost all of them were good, honest, hard-working citizens; it took a good man to be a pioneer in that country. If the house of a settler burned down, the whole countryside would turn out to rebuild it. If a family needed a larger barn, the

neighbors would help. They would call the occasion a "frolic," and a bunch of good neighbors turned to at a frolic would accomplish wonders. The women folks attending a frolic had their fun at knitting or quilting parties while the men worked.

There was always a big dance in the evening after a frolic. The music would be furnished by one or more violins, and hearts were as gay and eyes as bright and feet as nimble at those dances as at any of the Miramichi dancing spots of the present so-called sophisticated generation.

Cornelius and Anne Dolan Crowe had three children, the oldest being Mary Ann Crowe, born in Sevogle on September 26, 1864, and destined to be the gentle heroine of the remainder of this book.

Margaret and William Crowe were the other children, neither ever married, and they are living in Sevogle on the home lot at this time.

Cornelius Crowe died at Sevogle on March 28, 1904, and Ann Dolan Crowe died at Sevogle in 1910. In the will of Cornelius Crowe appears the stipulation that a portion of his lot near the road could be used for a church site if desired.

About 1900 the old house overlooking the river was torn down and moved to a new location out adjacent to the main road. About 1910 several acres of the lot on the main road were given for the purpose of erecting the Sevogle chapel, a mission served by the Catholic priest at Red Bank.

Thus enter the Crowe and Dolan blood lines into our story. We know all too little of their history. What we do know is that of that union came Mary Ann Crowe, and that in her blood was fortitude and patience and kindliness and that she ever walked humbly yet with dignity in the shadow of her Saviour. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

CHAPTER IV

PAUL AND MARY KINGSTON

(1882-1902)

In 1882 Paul Kingston was 29 years old and still living with his parents at Three Islands. He was a hard-working young woodsman who had managed to save enough money to own a team of horses; he worked in the woods in winter; he drove logs in the spring; he farmed in the summer; he fished and hunted when he had a chance. However, in this year the even tenor of his life was to be greatly disturbed, for he fell very much in love with 17-year-old Mary Ann Crowe of Sevogle.

His courtship was successful and great preparations were made for the wedding. When Mary Crowe went to the parish priest to discuss arrangements for the ceremony, the priest told her that she was too young to marry and go so far out in the wilderness to live, that she must find herself another man who lived nearer home where she could attend church regularly, and that he would not marry her to Paul Kingston. But Mary Crowe's religion was of the heart and she knew that absence from church would never shake her faith, so she quietly informed the priest that she intended to marry Paul Kingston and that if he would not perform the ceremony someone else would. The priest then consented to marry the couple.

The wedding dress was made by the foremost seamstress of Newcastle and Mary Crowe had to go to Newcastle four times for fittings. The dress was white, with yards and yards and yards of flounces. It buttoned up the back with sixty buttons, each of which had to be buttoned with a buttonhook.

Paul Kingston wore gray and white striped morning trousers and a black cut-away coat.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Carter in the Catholic church at Red Bank on July 10, 1882. The witnesses were James Power and Mary Ann Doolin (Dolan), the latter being a first cousin of the bride.

The couple went to live at Three Islands with Paul Kingston's parents, and their first son, Joseph, was born there the following spring.

Mary Crowe Kingston found that her husband was the very apple of his mother's eye. With his mother, it was always, "Poor Paul, this" and "Poor Paul, that," and she fussed and fidgeted over Paul as if he were an only chick. There must always be thick cream for Paul's tea, and she insisted that Paul have his tea in the afternoon. That is where the four meals a day originated in the Kingston household, and they still serve four meals a day.

Paul Kingston to this day has never recovered from being spoiled about rich cream. He must have at least a pint of pure cream to drink each day, or he feels undernourished. A few years ago his wife got a new cream separator which she liked very much. One day going to the woods Paul Kingston carried a bottle of milk to use with his tea for lunch, and when he returned home that night he remarked to his wife, "I believe you now, Mary, about that new cream separator. If there was any cream in that milk today I couldn't see it."

On June 29, 1883, Paul Kingston's mother, Mary Curry Kingston, died at the age of 68, and was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Newcastle. Mary Curry was brought up as a girl in a comfortable home by parents of means in Belldune, and she never became adjusted to the hard life of the woods which she had to live after she married Samuel Kingston. She was free with her tongue and her tears, and complained mightily and wept bitterly over every inconvenience that confronted her, and inconveniences were very numerous in

that pioneer life. Her husband called her "The Queen of Grief."

After the death of her mother-in-law, Mary Crowe Kingston took charge of the household at Three Islands. It was a real undertaking for an eighteen-year-old young married woman to run a household which was far more isolated than was Sevogle where she had been brought up. There were none of the conveniences which Miramichi folks now take for granted; no stores, no canned goods, no mail order houses.

As soon as the snow melted a bit in the spring, there would be a trip to town to fill an order which had been in process of preparation all winter. It would list needles, thread, buttons, shoes and those many little household items which could not be made or raised on a farm. Cloth was woven right at home, but a bolt of "boughten" cloth was always a most welcome present.

Food was not too serious a problem. Potatoes, turnips and wheat were raised on the farm, and the meadows at Three Islands and the islands themselves raised great crops of hay for the horses. The principal food products purchased in town were salt, molasses and flour, the latter two being always purchased by the barrel.

In those days there was very little cash in that part of the province, and people secured things by barter and exchange. When the time came to get the spring order filled in town, Paul Kingston would take a load of timber or a load of hay down to Newcastle and exchange it for the necessities they needed.

All luxuries were scarce, and sugar was especially expensive. Molasses was used for sweetening, and sugar was put on the table at mealtime only when there was company. Many times when Paul Kingston went to Newcastle he took along a lunch because he did not have twenty-five cents in cash with which to purchase a meal at a restaurant.

Meat was usually raised on the farm. Chickens and ducks and pigs and sheep were raised for meat, and usually a couple of cows were kept for milking. Salmon were a source of food in the summer, and were netted with set nets in the river. Sometime sweep nets were used, with weights on the bottom and floats on the top, for sweeping out the deep pools. These nets were all hand-knit from twine and their preparation was always a winter time chore for the womenfolks of a household.

The moose and caribou provided the main staple food. When the first hard frost of winter came, the men would take off a few days from work and head for the big barrens east of Three Islands. They would take along a team and stay out until they had killed a half dozen moose or caribou for the winter's meat, which would be brought back and hung in one of the sheds or sometimes in the icehouse on the river bank.

The first few years of Paul Kingston's married life were slimmer than usual on meat supply, for the formerly plentiful moose all migrated out of the country in 1875, nobody knew just where, but it was believed that they went to the southern part of the province. From that year until 1887, caribou furnished the only wild game that the settlers could hunt for food, but in 1887 the moose returned in great numbers just as suddenly and as unexpectedly as they had departed.

There were no lamps, and the tallow from meat was saved and molded into candles. Soap was made from fats and wood ashes.

With the spring trip to town, after a long winter, living took on a little rosier hue around Three Islands. The weather was good in summer and the family had a chance to travel about a bit and visit their friends and neighbors and relatives. Paul Kingston would be at home working on the farm and their household would be very happy.

Then as summer ended, there would be another trip to Newcastle to lay in supplies for the long winter; then Paul Kingston would be off to the woods to work all or most of the winter lumbering, leaving his wife and his father in charge at Three Islands.

Mary Crowe Kingston was marvelously skilled at weaving, and many of the long winter hours were passed at the loom. She wove heavy plain homespun for the clothes of the men, but for the finer material for dresses she wove pretty variegated patterns. Dyes were purchased in Newcastle and a piece of dress material as woven by her was a work of art.

Homespun was a bit coarse and heavy for babies, and all babies in that section dressed in flannel, which could be purchased at the Newcastle stores and was usually the only cloth bought by the settlers.

All socks and stockings were hand-knit and a home-knit stocking of good New Brunswick wool is the very best that can be had. Mary Kingston's hands were never idle, and right to this day she knits mitts and stockings for the men of the house, and her knitting has always been superlatively good. Her industry and cheerful disposition and kind touch made a happy home for her husband at Three Islands.

The nearest church to Three Islands was at Red Bank, and it was quite an undertaking to get down there for services, so the Kingstons did not make it every Sunday. Soon after the wedding, Paul and his bride got up early on a Sunday morning and traveled all the way to Red Bank to attend mass. The church was small, the pews were all rented, and nobody invited the Kingstons to sit in their pew. They had to kneel in the aisle.

That incident made a tremendous impression on Paul Kingston which he never forgot. A lesser man so deeply hurt might have turned his back on the church and attended no more, but Paul and his wife continued to attend church at

Red Bank when they could, and soon a pew became vacant and they rented it.

Many years later when Paul Kingston was well-to-do the church members at Red Bank wanted to build a new and larger church. Paul Kingston lent them money for that purpose, charged no interest, and stipulated no time for its repayment.

About 1910 when the Red Bank church put up its mission church at Sevogle, Paul Kingston and his sons, Sam and Con, were among the leaders in financing its erection and since that date the Kingstons have attended church at Sevogle. Always though Paul Kingston has kept a pew rented in the Red Bank church, so he will have a place to sit should he ever want to attend church there.

An incident which occurred in the early days of the Red Bank church has been described many times by Paul Kingston. It concerns a poor man who was a member of the congregation, and who came to church in the best clothes he could muster, but even at best they were not much to look at, and his shoes in particular were worn and ragged.

A rich and somewhat pompous member of the congregation said to this poor fellow, "Come on up to my house and I'll give you a pair of shoes. I have lots of pairs of shoes; I'll give you a couple of pairs of my old ones."

The poor man grinned and answered, "Sure, and I'll be right up; and while I'm there I'll give you your instructions. I suppose you're giving me the shoes because the Bible says that you should clothe the poor, but the Bible also says that you should instruct the ignorant, so I'll do that."

Another story that Paul Kingston tells about those days concerns his friend Albert McCombs, a short, heavy-set, powerful man and a tireless hunter. One afternoon Albert and a friend were out moose hunting and Albert got a bead on a big bull and knocked him flat. The bull fell right beside a tall black spruce tree.

Albert called to his friend, who was a couple of hundred yards away, to come on over and help cut up the moose; then he walked over to the fallen bull, leaned his gun against the spruce, bent over and took hold of an antler and pulled it around and exposed the moose's throat. A quick slash with his hunting knife would have severed the jugular vein and this story would not have been told.

But instead of calmly waiting and having its throat cut, the moose came to life and scrambled to its feet. Its eyes were still a little glazed, its step was trembling and uncertain, but the moose knew very well that the man holding on to its antler was the one who had shot him.

Albert just continued to hold on to the bull's horns; at first he had been too surprised to let loose, then when the bull got to its feet Albert was scared to let loose. To have turned and run would only have resulted in being gored and trampled to death, so Albert just took a firmer grip on the moose horns with his right hand, braced himself against the near-by spruce tree with his left hand, and pushed for dear life.

The moose snorted and puffed and shoved, and Albert gritted his teeth and pushed. The bull was dazed and weak from the shock of his wound, or not even powerful old Albert could have held him off, but hold him off he did until his friend arrived on the scene and put in a finishing bullet.

"Well, Albert," remarked his friend, "I always heard it said that you were strong as a bull, but I never expected to see you have to prove it."

Stout Albert just wiped the sweat from his brow, heaved a long sigh, and answered, "If a moose that is nine-tenths dead can push that hard, I'd hate to tackle one when he was feeling fresh and frisky."

Paul Kingston himself had a narrow escape about that time. He was logging over on Clearwater in the middle of the winter, and he decided to come home to Three Islands for the week-end. Instead of following the road, he struck across

country on his snowshoes. He had to cross the South Branch of the Sevogle, the North Branch of the Sevogle, and the Northwest Miramichi.

When walking along on the ice which covered the North Branch, he came to a blow hole in the ice which was covered over with snow and invisible. He fell through and went into water up to his knees. He had a hard time getting out and an even harder time getting his snowshoes out. At this point the banks were very steep, a regular canyon, and it seemed that he couldn't possibly climb the bank and get to shelter to make a fire, but unless he did so his feet would be frozen in a few minutes.

He ran rapidly down the river, his snowshoes under his arm, until he came to a place where the bank was a little less steep. He scrambled out, dug a big hole in the snow down to bare ground, made a fire, and dried out his clothes. It was a mighty close call.

Paul Kingston was the finest woodsman of his generation, but he was never one to belittle the need of a compass. He always took the attitude that the sixth sense of direction which some woodsmen claim to have was pretty sure to evaporate on a cloudy day, with no sun to guide them. Any honest woodsman will admit to getting lost occasionally, and Paul Kingston is no exception. He has often laughed at the story about Daniel Boone who claimed to have never been lost in the woods, but admitted that on one occasion he had been bewildered for three days.

Paul Kingston tells of one incident that impressed him greatly. He was temporarily lost in the woods, and he had to sleep out all night under a tree. He woke up soon after he fell asleep and saw a lighted candle burning in the tree. Several times during the night he woke up and the candle was always there and still burning. The next morning there was no sign of a candle. Paul Kingston offers no explanation; you can call it superstition or imagination or bad dreams,

just as you choose; all Paul Kingston claims is that he saw the candle.

The winters at Three Islands were long and they must have been lonesome ones for Mary Kingston with her husband away working in the woods, but that is the lot of all wives of woodsmen. Only one time did she feel like faltering. It had been a hard winter; the snow had been deep; the children had not been well; she had not been well herself. Toward the end of the winter she had been building all her hopes and keeping up her courage with thoughts of the spring trip to Newcastle to do the spring shopping. She had a list of so many things that she needed and wanted.

Paul Kingston arrived home safe and sound from the winter's lumbering and Mary was so glad to see him and so happy that the long winter was over and so enthused about the spring shopping trip. However, Paul was no sooner in the house than he announced that he must leave the next day to go back on the drive. His wife almost broke down and wept right then and there, but she kept her spirits and sent him away next morning with a smile. However, she has told the story since and admitted that it was one of the dark days of her life.

Paul Kingston had his dark days also. He worked hard and tried to save his money, but it was difficult to get ahead. He had started right from scratch with no initial capital, and it was difficult to accumulate enough to get started on his own. It seemed that day labor as a teamster was all he had to look forward to. He was often discouraged, but never so much so as on a spring day in 1891.

Paul owned a good team of horses, which was his main source of livelihood as a teamster, but one horse had been killed during the past winter's lumbering, and Paul had just started the spring plowing with the single remaining horse. One morning he went out to the barn and found that horse dead. He had to go to a neighbor's house and borrow a horse

to drag the dead horse out of the barn and away into the woods.

That was the darkest day and the most discouragement that Paul Kingston ever experienced.

But hard work and perseverance have a way of winning out, and it wasn't long until Paul had another team and was working still harder to try to get ahead. The New Brunswick economy is a harsh one, and only the very best of men can come out ahead in a contest with it.

The timber trade is and has been the main economic support of the province. Just as the farming lowlands of the Miramichi valley slope up to high, rocky ridges covered with great stands of pine and spruce, beech and birch, maple and hemlock, which overshadow the meadowlands along the river, so do the forests overshadow all other means of earning a livelihood.

With the decline of shipbuilding, there was no industry in the Miramichi. The farm lands were good, what there was of them, but the growing season was short and their products were pretty well restricted to potatoes and grain, and there was no market for such produce. The only Miramichi product that was wanted elsewhere was timber, and that source of revenue is so fluctuating in value that a stable and firm prosperity has not yet been achieved in the Miramichi.

Paul Kingston was confronted with this problem. He was ambitious and industrious and clever. If the only way to prosperity in the Miramichi was in lumber, he would get ahead in the lumber business. But it was a long, hard process of getting started; of getting a foothold. He kept working hard and he tried to save money and, meanwhile, he learned timber from the ground up—every art of the woodsman, every trick of the trade.

During this time the babies continued to arrive fairly regularly at Three Islands. Mary was born in 1885 but lived only two days. There followed Anna, Susan Cecilia, another Mary

who was called Molly, and then Samuel in 1891. When children were born in those days, they were lucky to have the attendance of a doctor. When a baby's arrival appeared imminent, someone would be sent to Newcastle to fetch the doctor, while a neighbor's wife took over things at home. The doctor would usually arrive the next day in time to see that all had been attended to properly and to congratulate the neighbor's wife on her skillful work.

Samuel was the last child born at Three Islands, for in 1894 there came a grand event in the family history.

As stated in an earlier chapter, Paul Kingston had since his boyhood admired the beautiful view from the Mullin home. Patrick Mullin was a pioneer Irish immigrant who had homesteaded a 50-acre lot, and had made a deal with Richard Hutchison to purchase the adjacent 50-acre lot adjoining and downstream from his own. Patrick Mullin moved to Maple Glen in 1887, and Paul Kingston bought his 50-acre lot. However, the adjoining Richard Hutchison lot contained the high ground overlooking the ninety degree bend in the Nor'west at that point.

One day in 1894 Paul Kingston was in Newcastle and Richard Hutchison spoke to him about the lot in question.

"I'd like to sell you that lot," said Hutchison. "Pat Mullin contracted to buy it from me, but never did close the deal and the title is clear. You own the lot next to it. I'll sell you my fifty acres for a thousand dollars."

"Well, I don't have a thousand dollars," answered Paul Kingston, "and anyway your lot is no good except for a building site. It is all on top of a knoll and mostly gravel. All the good farm land there is in Pat's old grant, and I have that now. Fifty dollars is all I have. I like your lot and I'll give you what I can for it—fifty dollars."

Hutchison refused the offer and Paul Kingston returned to Three Islands, but the next day Richard Hutchison sent word to him that he had made out the deed for the transfer

of the fifty acres, and to bring his fifty dollars down to Newcastle.

There was nothing on the lot except an old frame of a house, and Paul Kingston set to work at once to build his home, using the old frame as a starter. The house was on a spot at the southern end of the lot, just sixty feet back from the river, and commanding a wonderful view of the bend in the river, the handsomest view on the Nor'west. As soon as the house was complete Paul and Mary Kingston, their five children, and Paul's father moved down to Wayerton and the Three Islands house was abandoned. It burned a few years later and now only the cellar remains to mark it.

In those days roads were few, and many people went down to Newcastle across country. The Mullin home site was the place where those living upstream usually crossed the Nor'west, and the Mullin family ferried them across the river when the water was too high to wade. When a traveler would come to the east side of the stream, he would stand on the bank and whoop, and one of the Mullin clan would paddle over in a boat and ferry him across the river.

Each year about October 7(the anniversary of the Miramichi fire) there would be times at night when the Mullin family would hear loud whoopings across the river, they would paddle across to meet the traveler, and would find nobody.

After Paul Kingston moved down in 1894, that same phenomenon of whoopings in October was observed for several years, but the whoopings have not been heard since about 1900. The skeptics will smile at such a story, but the forests are big and the forests are dark and the psychic world is little understood and little explored. Let the unbelievers continue to be unbelievers, but those with a bit of the psychic touch in their blood will not be too sure that such things are altogether imaginary.

Paul Kingston had been working for other men all his life up to that time, and of recent years most of his work had been

Paul Kingston's prize team of "Rock" and Prince" in the Kingston barnyard at Wayerton.

for George Burchill of South Nelson as a teamster at a wage of $26.00 a month for himself and team. Paul Kingston was not satisfied, and he went to Mr. Burchill and told him that he thought that he should be getting higher pay.

"Yes, Paul, you are a good teamster, the very best," replied Mr. Burchill, "but just look at the work you are getting."

That winter Paul worked for himself. His father still owned the John Walter and William Walter lots at Three Islands, and Paul Kingston hired a twelve-year-old boy to help him, and he and the boy cut and hauled three hundred thousand feet of lumber that winter. Such a feat is almost unbelievable, but it came from a combination of good timber located close to the river, plus the management of a woodsman who was without a peer at handling logs, plus the wonderfully powerful physique of Paul Kingston fired by burning ambition. Paul Kingston not only cut that amount of timber that winter, but the house needed a new roof, and he would come home from work in the woods and work on the roof of the house by lantern light. And he finished the roof in a hurry. That is the manner of man Paul Kingston is. When you think of him, think of him putting on that roof after dark, following a day of herculean toil in the woods.

The homes on the upper reaches of the Nor'west were being steadily reduced in number, as the families moved out of the province, died out or moved to town or to better farms. The Dennis family that had taken over the Spriggs Brook lot from the first Paul Kingston had abandoned this lot and moved to the headwaters of the Little Southwest Miramichi.

A Mr. Anslow of Boston came each year to hunt with Dennis. Anslow was lame and unable to walk well, so he never went very far into the woods. One day in the fall of 1900 Anslow wounded a partridge, followed it into the woods, and was never seen again.

There was great talk all over that section of the province, and searching parties looked far and near. In the winter of

1901 Paul Kingston had a dream about Anslow, dreamed that Anslow was up on one of the little brooks that flowed into the Nor'west; Paul Kingston saw him clearly in his dream, stretched out under a tree, his gun at his side. The dream was so vivid that Paul Kingston talked about it the next day; but he and everyone else realized how impossible it was and that it could have no connection with the truth.

To have gotten to that spot Anslow would have had to cross Mullin Stream, Clearwater River, the South Branch of the Sevogle and the North Branch of the Sevogle, a walk of over forty miles through thick woods. It was obviously impossible for a lame man to make any such trip.

The next spring Paul Kingston had a contract to drive logs down the Northwest Miramichi, and he sent a party of men on ahead of the drive to pitch camp at the spot where Clark's Brook flows into the Nor'west. The men came back much excited. They had found the skeleton of a man.

Paul Kingston went down to the brook, and there lay the skeleton, under a tree, the gun at his side, just exactly as he had dreamed it. Identification of Anslow was positive by his gun, by his teeth, and by the metal plate in his crippled leg. His boots were still on him, but much worn, as though he had walked a long way, and he had walked a long way, over forty miles, and probably several times that far. He had crossed at least four streams in his course, and had he followed any of these downstream he would have come to habitation. He must have gone crazy with fright and just wandered on and on until starvation and exhaustion stopped him.

Paul Kingston was by now getting to have quite a reputation as a lumber man. His judgment was sound and his projects succeeded. In 1900 he revolutionized woods work in the Miramichi by bringing in the first saw. Up until that time trees had been felled by axes, but Paul Kingston brought in a saw to try it. He took it out secretly to the camp where he was cutting that winter, and his son, Joe, and another man

went out into the woods after dark and tried out the saw by moonlight. If the experiment was a failure, Paul Kingston did not want to be kidded about it by every lumberman in the province. But the saw was a big success, and saws have been used ever since for felling trees on the Miramichi.

Joe Kingston was very close to his father. Joe was eight years older than Sam, the next oldest boy, and Joe and his father were together a great deal. Paul Kingston would take Joe with him down the river in the canoe, or on long trips with the team, or floating rafts of logs or railroad ties down the river, and many times when they would be out late at night Joe would go to sleep curled up against his father's knee and Paul Kingston would take off his own coat and cover up the sleeping lad. Joe and Paul always had a feeling between them of brotherhood and of kindred spirits, as well as the strong, full flood of affection of father and son.

Joe grew up into a full six foot five inches of muscle and sinew, and it was a proud day for his father when Joe at the age of 21 chopped 120 merchantable logs in one day, a record that has never been approached before or since. If two men with a saw can saw 70 or perhaps 100 logs in a day they are doing very well, and Joe with just his axe chopped 120. The Miramichi lost a good man when Joe moved west shortly thereafter.

At the same time Paul Kingston's daughter, Anna, a few years younger than Joe, was proving quite as outstanding in her own way as was Joe in his. She was the most beautiful girl in the county. Anna has often told a story about one night when a young doctor from Red Bank was calling on her. At nine o'clock in the evening Paul Kingston stalked into the parlor and announced that it was time for company to go home; if he wanted to stay all night, that would be all right; otherwise it was time to be moving. Anna says that she almost sank through the floor that night, but she has laughed about it many times since.

Meanwhile Paul and Mary Kingston were increasing their family in their new home at Wayerton. Cornelius (Con) arrived, followed by Paul and Margaret (Marg) and Catherine (Kate).

During these first years of the century Paul Kingston was doing well financially. He worked hard and saved his money. His reputation as a woodsman and lumberman was growing. In 1903 he took the big plunge and bought his first timber lease.

CHAPTER V

PAUL AND MARY KINGSTON

(1902-1913)

Paul Kingston's friend Richard Hutchison of Newcastle from whom he had purchased the fifty-acre home lot at Wayerton also owned a timber lease on the Crown land in that vicinity. This particular lease covered most of Block 32 of Northumberland County, an area of about twelve square miles. The lease extends about a mile east of the Nor'west and four miles to the west, where it crosses the upper reaches of the Nor'west at its junction with Little River. The Kingston home at Wayerton is located about a mile and a half to the east of the center of the lease.

All of the land of New Brunswick which is not "granted" to individuals is owned by the province and termed "Crown land." The province has leased all of the timber bearing lands to corporations or individuals, and a lease gives the holder the exclusive right to cut lumber on the area leased. In addition to the original cost of the lease, the lessee must pay an annual flat rate per square mile, termed "mileage," and also a certain amount for fire protection. "Stumpage" must also be paid to the province at a set rate per thousand board feet cut.

Richard Hutchison decided not to hold his lease on Block 32 and the lease was put up for sale. Several of the big lumber operators of Newcastle bid on the lease, but Paul Kingston was high bidder and received it.

Paul Kingston was in the Newcastle bank later in the day after the lease had been awarded to him and met one of the prominent men of the town who felt quite disgruntled over his own failure to secure it. He greeted Paul Kingston with

the words, "Well, Kingston, you are riding right high at the time, but don't forget that it wasn't so long ago that you were just a teamster."

"You're right," retorted Paul Kingston, "and don't you forget that when I was a teamster I was a damn good teamster."

Things went well for Paul Kingston in the woods, but during the next year there were some sad times at home. Paul's father, Samuel Kingston, died on April 2, 1904, at the age of 92 and was buried in Newcastle beside his wife who had died twenty-one years before. Then the Kingston's daughter, Susan Cecilia, died on August 29 at the age of sixteen.

The year was brightened somewhat by the birth of a fine son on May 12, who was named Charles Louis O'Leary Kingston after Bishop O'Leary of the local diocese, whom the Kingstons admired very much and who returned that high regard.

Mrs. Kingston was unattended when Louis was born, except for a very frightened little twelve-year-old girl who was helping with the housework at the time, and Louis had a premature and somewhat hazardous entry into this world.

During the following winter Mrs. Kingston was not too well, and she did not get down to Red Bank to mass on any Sunday during the entire winter. She finally recovered and rode down for Easter mass. Every Catholic in the section was there, and they all gathered around in front of the church and talked and visited before time to go in. There was plenty of conversation, but nobody asked Mrs. Kingston where she had been all winter, nobody asked her if she had been sick or if she felt better now, in fact nobody even mentioned the fact that they had not seen her for six months.

On the way out of church Mrs. Kingston passed an old Indian squaw (the Indian reservation is near Red Bank, the Indians came to mass there, and this particular old squaw had often been up to the Kingston house begging) and the old

squaw said, "Me glad to see you, Mary. Me missed you all winter."

Needless to say, that squaw never came to the Kingston house again without leaving heavy laden.

The milk of human kindness flowed at all times in the veins of Mary Kingston and her hands were ever ready to help the sick and the needy. Doctors were hard to get, Mary Kingston's nursing skill was often called for by the neighbors, and she helped bring most of the local crop of children into the world.

During these years Paul Kingston cut at times on his own lease, or contracted to cut lumber on leases owned by others. Most of his cutting was done for the firm of George Burchill and Son of South Nelson. The son of the George Burchill for whom Paul Kingston had worked so many years as a teamster was John Burchill. By this time John Burchill was running the firm, and between him and Paul Kingston there was a perfect trust and understanding. They had written contracts, but these contracts were often adjusted by verbal agreements, for each knew that the word of the other was as good as his bond.

They would agree in the summer on a contract price to cut certain land, which contract might or might not include driving the timber down the river to the boom. Then Paul Kingston would proceed to hire what men he needed, secure horses and equipment, build camps, hire teamsters to portage in supplies. He would draw his supplies from the Burchill store at South Nelson, or purchase them at other places and pay for them with a draft on his account with Burchill covering that winter's work. All the men would be paid by drafts against that same account. When the work was over, if it had been done for less than the amount agreed on, Paul Kingston received the difference in cash; if it had cost more than the contract price he received nothing.

The men would go into the woods in September or October and build a camp centrally located in the country to be

cut. The first and biggest problem of the boss is to spot out his main hauling road, beginning at the point on the river where he intends to land his logs and traversing the country to be cut. There may be any number of branch roads running into the main road.

The road must avoid any upgrades and any steep downgrades, and the proper or improper locating of the main hauling road will make or break a contract.

In the old days a cutting crew consisted of five men and a horse, the idea being to keep the horse as busy as possible, since horses and horse feed were relatively expensive. There were two sawyers who cut the logs and got them ready for the horse, usually in 16 or 18 foot lengths, with a few twenties. The teamster drove the horse and twitched the logs from the place where they were cut to the spot where they were to be yarded, using a simple rig of two grips on the end of a chain. The swamper cut trails for the horse, and also usually did some undercutting to help the sawyers. The yard-piler piled the logs into yards alongside the road.

Of later years timber has not been so abundant as in former days, and the three-man logging crew is used more often, consisting of two sawyers and a teamster who not only drives the horse but does the swamping and piling.

In making the yards, the logs are piled up against a tree which braces the yard and serves to anchor the block. The logs are piled by means of a block and line, and they are rolled into place up inclined skids. The introduction of the block and piling chain was a revolutionary development in the lumbering world. In the old days, logs were yarded by hand, and could not be piled very high by that method.

It was a time of change in lumbering methods. Paul Kingston was always alert for new ideas, he never forgot the impression made on him when as a young boy he witnessed the introduction of the first peavey, which revolutionized log handling on the Miramichi. In the old days logs were moved

by means of pike poles and by awkward cant hooks of various types. The introduction of the peavey (said to have been invented by Joe Peavey of Old Town, Maine) with its spike on the end and its movable dog (cant hook) pivoted to swing in one plane only was fully as momentous a change in lumbering work as was the introduction of the block and line for piling logs.

All the time that the crews are cutting logs, a gang of swampers will be cutting the main road and the branch roads. The crews cut and skid until Christmas time, or until they get their quota of logs covered by the contract. Fourteen to sixteen exceptional first growth logs as cut at the Bald Mountains in 1913 will make a thousand board feet, and a contract for two million board feet would mean thirty thousand such logs, but for average second growth logs many more would be required, perhaps twice as many.

As soon after New Years as there is snow, they begin hauling. The road is handled very carefully at first. It is plowed; then light loads are hauled over it until the road gets a bottom in it; then the road is iced. The branch roads are usually broken with a team, and the hauling sleds will have only a short haul on most branches. If the branch is bad, the sled will take a part load on the branch, then add a top load when the sled gets to the firmer surface of the main road.

The lumber is hauled on a close-coupled bobsled, with only a few feet separating the front and rear runners. The cross bar of each pair of runners is surmounted by a bunk about six feet long, which rotates on the gudgeon pin mounted in the center of the cross bar. The upper surface of the bunk is flat, and the first log is placed right out at the edge of the bunk and lashed in place by chains called "corner binds." Then the next log is placed at the opposite edge of the bunk and also lashed in place by corner binds. Three tiers of logs are thrown into place and top chains wrapped around all of them, after which another log is put on top of the top

chains to tighten them up. Then the three tiers of logs are straightened out and squared up with peavies, after which one or two more tiers may be put on the top, and they may be left loose or another set of top chains may be used. This is hard work, and the teamster has a man called a tend-team to help him with the loading. While the teamster is hauling down to the landing, the tend-team gets the next yard ready for loading.

Winter daylight hours are short and, when hauling, the men work a long day, starting out before daylight and working until after dark. One of Paul Kingston's men named George Dolan was quite disgusted one winter with the long working hours, and when plans for the spring drive were mentioned and the statement made that all the camp blankets would have to be washed before the drive started, Dolan said, "Oh, take the blankets out anytime. We don't use 'em much. Get 'em ready for the drive; we'll hardly miss 'em."

January and February days in the woods are often bitter cold, and the lunch will freeze solid if care is not taken. Most men take their lunch in a basket, with the basket in a bag, and then bury the bag in the snow to keep it from freezing. A story told of those days is about Arthur Underhill going out by lantern light to work, and then burying his lunch in the snow while reciting the solemn words:

"They buried him darkly at dead of night.
The sod with their bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning."

The hauling must be completed before the spring break up, which is usually the latter part of March. The road must be kept constantly in repair, the great loads of green logs weighing many tons being very damaging to the surface. The road repair men are called "road monkeys," and you can seldom mention the term "road monkey" in New Brunswick without

Hauling off logs from the yard to the landing.

being told the story of the little boy who asked his mother what a road monkey was, and received the reply that, "A road monkey is a man, like your father, dear, but of lower degree."

The road monkeys have to be especially careful about downgrades. On a slick, steep downgrade a heavy log load may break the sled tongue and the sled run right over and kill the horses. Gravel or dirt is sometimes used to cover the road on the downgrades, but hay or rotten wood is better.

The front runners of the bobsled are joined by a roller to which the sled tongue is attached. The spreader holding the whipple trees is attached to the roller by a crutch chain. If one horse of a team is better than the other, he can be made to pull more than half the load by shortening up the crutch chain on his side. The common saying is that, "if you shorten two links of the crutch chain, you are pulling against only half a horse, and shortening three links means no horse at all."

The logs are hauled down the road to the landing on the river bank. The first log is rolled down the hill and as far out on the ice as desired; then the next in parallel behind it until a complete level bottom layer is formed. Then skids are laid across the bottom layer of logs, and the first log of the second layer rolled out to the end and set into a notch at the end of the skids. The second level tier of logs is laid, and so on. A few tiers of logs and the weight becomes so great that no ice will hold it, and the logs settle hard and firm against the bottom of the river.

Sometimes on the upstream reaches of narrow rivers where the ice melts gradually in the spring and does not run out in great floes to the sea, the logs are landed to bridge the entire stream, from bank to bank.

When the ice has run out of the river in the spring and the boom is swung at tidewater, it is driving time. The logs have already been landed on the river banks by this time. There may be landings by several different lumber companies, in which event each company may decide to drive its own logs,

or they may get together and make a deal for one company to drive all the logs on the river, or they may all give a contract to some independent woodsman to drive the river.

When the logs are yarded they are marked with the registered mark of their owner. The Burchill mark is a white stripe on the end of the log and the Fraser mark is three green dots. Paul Kingston marked the logs he cut with a white "P", which is his registered mark for Block 32, and he also used this mark when he cut on contract for the Burchill Company on their lease. Paul Kingston has a second registered mark, a white spearhead, which he sometimes uses for pulp and small stuff. Logs may come down the river together, but they can easily be separated at the boom by their end markings.

The driving crowd is assembled, they go to the old camp where the lumber was cut the winter before, and their first job is to put the landings into the river. Little advance crews work ahead of the main group, especially at bad spots on the river. An experienced woods boss will know from past drives where he can anticipate trouble, and will station a few good men at those spots. The river must be kept open and the logs running through, and in the event of a bad jam which the advance crowds cannot handle a runner is sent to the rear to tell the men there to stop driving and come on ahead to break the jam.

When all logs are in and the rear is moving down the river, camp is broken and "the baggage" moved downstream. On the upper waters the baggage is moved by horses, but as soon as the stream gets large enough the baggage men run the baggage in a baggage skiff, or perhaps in several skiffs if the drive is a big one. The handling of these skiffs is difficult in rough water and requires first class boatmen. A baggage man will do nothing else on a drive, and if the drive is held up and tents not moved for several days, the baggage men rest for that time. Camp is usually moved every two days. The baggage must be run when no logs are running, and the first

Paul Kingston in 1934 standing on the edge of a landing on the banks of the Northwest Miramichi near Wayerton.

section of baggage goes down just after the crews have had their morning lunch, and the second section just after the afternoon lunch.

The cook is a major personage on a drive, and he has a special lean-to tent where he does all of his cooking over an open fire, except when he may bury his bean pot in a hole in the ground filled with live coals. He gives the men breakfast and supper at camp, but the mid-morning and mid-afternoon lunches are carried to the driving crews by lunch carriers. On the big river in later years a special cook scow has been used, which follows right along behind the rear at all times. Old lumbermen look on a cook scow as a sign of softness in the new generations.

Until a very few years back the drivers tented at night in long lean-to tents, with a long fire at their feet which was kept going all night by a fireman who had no other job on the drive but to get wood and tend those night fires. The clothes of the drivers were always wet, and they were hung from the front pole of the lean-to and dried out during the night. Of recent years the drivers have slept in big house-tents, with heaters inside.

As the drive goes down the river, some of the logs wing up on the banks or stick on the rocks but the outside logs usually take the form of streamlined "sheers" through which the current sluices the remainings logs. The drivers come along and with their peavies roll these stuck logs out into fast water and so down the stream. It is only when the logs "jam across" the river that flow of the main stream of logs is stopped.

A very important group are the ferrymen, who follow along with the rear of the drive, always available to take men across the river, or out to jams on rocks in mid-stream. A good ferryman will watch the drive and be always ready to take men to critical spots or to take them off of a jam just before it breaks.

An incident of the old driving days which is often told about one of the river landmarks concerns Paddy Mullin.

Paddy was on a spring drive down the Nor'west, but he disappeared one day when the drive was just above Three Islands. The next time the drivers saw Paddy was when they got down to Three Islands, and there was Paddy dancing a jig on a big flat rock in the middle of the river, and feeling very fine. Ever since that day the rock has been known as Paddy's Rock.

A successful drive needs high water and the weather and the water just cannot be controlled. A quick spring, heavy early rains, and a rapid melting of the snow means very high water for a little while, and then low water the rest of the spring. What the lumbermen want is a gradual melting of the snow so that the high water will be sustained over a long period of time. Driving on low water is a back-breaking job, and there is no money in it.

One particularly bad spring with very low water Paul Kingston drove the North Branch of the Sevogle. By ill luck he had cut an extra large proportion of pine that year. Spruce logs are light in weight and ride high in the water, but pine logs float with only the top of the log exposed. The heavy pine logs were continually hanging up, they stayed in the rear. After a while, the drivers got so they knew every big pine log by name.

With the river well winged up and a sluiceway in midstream, the big pine logs would go floating along, all of them with many chunks of bark torn off from the constant pounding on the rocks and from being continually pried off by the peavies. Even floating in midstream in the deepest water, the top of the log would be barely out of water and the under side would be bumping on the rocks on the river bottom. It was this particular drive that inspired Jimmy Willie Fitzgerald to say that, "I've heard of hauling logs on frost, but this is the first time I ever saw anyone try to drive them on dew."

During these lumbering years Paul Kingston served several terms on the Northumberland County Council, representing the parish of North Esk.

Ferrymen Working in Rough Water on Tomoganops River.

One of Paul's especial friends of these days was John English, a woods boss who worked regularly for John Burchill. A story is told concerning John English and a cantankerous camp cook named Joe Stewart. John English had a crowd of men cutting up on Sheephouse Brook one winter, and Joe Stewart cooked for them. The following fall English took the same crowd back in, expecting to build a new camp about five miles further up the brook. It was a long trip in, about twenty miles from the settlement to the old camp of the winter before. When they arrived there, Joe Stewart was all tuckered out and refused to walk another step. He took his pots and his pans into the old camp and announced that there was where he intended to cook, and that's all there was to it. He didn't care where the men cut logs, but the cooking and the eating was going to be done right there, and the men could walk from there to where they wanted to work. That settled the matter and they stayed in the old camp for the second winter.

Any story of these days would be incomplete without a mention of Dan Bohan of Barnaby River. Dan was Paul Kingston's handy-man; he could do anything. He kept the axes and saws sharp, he put new handles in broken peavies, he took care of sleds and wagons and kept them in repair. Dan took over as his own particular job the education of Paul Kingston's sons in the ways of the woods and of the lumber business and kept a careful eye on each of them while they were growing up, and a very good job he made of them.

In 1907 the last child of the Kingstons arrived, and was named Suzanne. Joe, the firstborn, had grown up very close to his father, but Joe had moved west a short time before and had left a vacancy in his father's life and heart which the little Suzanne preempted at once. She became the very apple of her father's eye and he took her everywhere he went. The little Suzanne's earliest recollections of her parents are of fireworks at home one summer evening. Paul Kingston was going to

take his wife and Suzanne down the road visiting after supper and went out as soon as the meal was over and hitched up the horse. Mrs. Kingston was very busy cleaning things up, and was delayed by more work that kept appearing right under her hands, and as a consequence kept her husband waiting for a long time before she came out and climbed into the light wagon. Paul Kingston had been impatiently fretting and fuming and when they got all settled and ready to go he growled, "This is a pretty hour of the night to be going down the road."

Mrs. Kingston didn't say a word, just jumped right out of the carriage and went back into the house and took off her things.

The little Suzanne didn't quite manage to figure what it was all about; all she knew is that she didn't get to go on that anticipated visit down the road.

However, Mary Crowe Kingston also knew the story about a soft answer turning away wrath. One night at home the supper was a bit late, and, even then, the carrots were not very well done. Paul Kingston ate them, but was muttering at the table about the "carrots being raw." His wife smiled sweetly and looked at him real firmly and said, "Well, Paul, dear, didn't Dr. Bell say that raw carrots were good for you?" There were no more comments from the carrot eaters.

About that time Paul Kingston gave up his lease on Block 32, and it was taken over again by Richard Hutchison. Paul Kingston cut almost every year for John Burchill.

Some of the best of the Burchill timber leases were up the North Branch of the Sevogle River, the toughest river in that part of the province to drive. It has broken the heart of many a woodsman, but Paul Kingston was its master.

In the days before the advent of dynamite, a log-jammed river was a problem that called for the best in man's skill and ingenuity. One of the worst spots on the North Branch was the Narrows, which is located a short distance below where

the new truck road now crosses the river. Logs always jammed there; there was nothing to do but expect a jam and be prepared to break it as soon as possible. The rock ledges which form the banks of the Narrows are known as "the jaws of the Narrows" and are so close together that one log floating sideways can jam the river.

The only way a jam in the Narrows could be broken in those days was to lower a man by a rope and have him chisel out the key log. It was arduous, killing work and a man could not stand more than a two-hour shift. It sometimes took days and days to break a jam. Nobody wanted the jam to break while he was chiseling the key log, for the particular moment of the breaking of the jam was very dangerous for the man at the bottom of the rope. It was quite customary for a man to chisel on the key log until he thought it was about ready to give way, and then very carefully transfer his attentions to some other log for the balance of his two-hour shift, allowing the next man the questionable pleasure of breaking the key log, unless that next fellow also diagnosed the situation and found some other convenient log to work on, and passed the breaking job on the next one.

The worst spot on the North Branch of the Sevogle is Estey Falls, just above Square Forks, where the North and South Branches join to form the main Sevogle. This spot is tough.

Most stories about Estey Falls are rather grim and dangerous, but about 1910 there occurred an incident about which Paul Kingston still smiles. He had two Indian boatmen that year, and all that the boatmen on a drive are supposed to do is to look out for the boats. That is all a boatman is supposed to do, and that is all a boatman will do. The drive was held up about two weeks at the falls, and the two Indian boatmen just ate and slept.

Finally even the Indians got tired of just loafing, so they

stole some molasses from the cook, got an old tub, and proceeded to brew some high-powered beer.

The next morning Paul Kingston was looking down at the falls, and he saw one of his boats spinning crazily around in the middle of the whirlpool at the foot of the falls. The two boatmen in it were having a grand time, laughing and joking and very unconcerned.

With great difficulty and danger to themselves, some of the men grappled the boat and hauled it back to shore, and the two Indians were found to be dead drunk on beer. Paul Kingston fired them on the spot, but he has laughed about it many times since.

But though that incident was humorous, most work at Estey Falls is hard and dangerous. In one of the early years before dynamite came into general use, a young driver named Fabian Breau was with Paul Kingston at the falls and had a narrow escape which is commemorated in a poem entitled "Fabian Breau," the name of the author being unknown to this writer:

The river was roaring, its limits ignoring,
And a million of lumber was jammed in the Falls.
The drivers stood round with pickpoles and peavies,
Like sentinels on guard when reveille called.
They had worked hard since morning, and now without warning
The basin had cleared and it hung on the pitch.
They well knew the danger to step on that lumber
Which now every moment would tremble and twitch.
A man of great courage whom you could not discourage
Stepped up to the foreman who turned with a frown,
"I'll chance it," he said as he shouldered his peavie,
There was fear in our hearts as we watched him go down.
The water was seething, the lumber was heaving,
As he picked out a key log that butted the shore,
The jam seemed to hold for one breath-taking second,
And then hell broke loose with a rendering roar.
The lumber was breaking, the ledges were shaking,

A small log jam in the basin of the Estey Falls on the North Branch of the Sevogle.

As Breau tried his best to get back to the ledge;
With logs cracking and breaking and dropping around him,
His retreat was cut off, he went over the edge.
Imagine our feeling as we watched it, now kneeling,
Some men there I know had not prayed for years.
It was moving to see them, their hearts full of anguish,
Their lips forming prayers, their eyes full of tears.
But our worry was needless as we prayed there, all heedless
Of the cracking of lumber or the torrent's great roar,
Breau came to the surface, the current did guide him,
And bore him safe to a wing that had formed on the shore.
He had gone down with the lumber and quickly went under,
The undertow got him and bore him away,
It bore him beyond the fall of the lumber,
Just how he escaped, of course, no one can say.
All ragged and torn, almost nude as when born,
Except for the scapulars he held in his hand,
They seemed somehow to completely enshroud him,
They hung from his neck by a thin cotton band.
Here's a toast of good health that is better than wealth,
Here's health and good luck to young Fabian Breau.

But while Paul Kingston was off driving the rivers and lumbering in the woods, life sometimes was exciting back home at Wayerton. One winter morning in 1908 Mrs. Kingston looked out of the window of the house just after daybreak and saw a caribou in the barnyard. Her daughter, Molly, was eighteen at the time and a real good shot and hunter. She owned her own .30-30 Winchester and Mrs. Kingston called for Molly to get her gun quick. Molly fired from the porch, and the family had fresh caribou meat for dinner.

Moose were often seen across the river from home, and about this time deer began to be seen in fairly good numbers. This was the time of the great change in wildlife of the province. Prior to 1900 the caribou were plentiful all over New Brunswick and there was not a deer in the province. By 1915

there was not a caribou in the province and the deer were plentiful.

There are many theories as to what caused this change. The most common story you hear in the woods is that the deer drove out the caribou, and there are many stories of actual fights between buck deer and bull caribou which, due to their superior agility and intelligence, the deer always won. The caribou are reputed to have been driven out and migrated to the Gaspe. However, though this is generally believed, it is not the true explanation.

The great barrens that covered a large part of the province had always provided good caribou feed, but the uncut virgin forests of nineteenth century New Brunswick were not good country for deer. Deer like plenty of cover, but they also like plenty of feed, and deer feed just does not exist in tall timber. As the woods of New Brunswick were logged over, the little second growth that so tickles the deer palate came up in great profusion, and the deer moved in from Maine and multiplied.

Deer do not inhabit the same type country as caribou; a deer has no hankerings for the moss and lichens of the caribou barrens. Any chance encounters between buck deer and bull caribou were pure accident.

The deer invaded the province about 1900, coming into the southern counties and spreading northward. For the next fifteen years the caribou gradually decreased, but this decrease was due to more hunters, and was not alarming. The great caribou stronghold in the Bald Mountains at the top of the province, where all the big rivers of the province originated, held just as many caribou as ever. Then came a hard winter and the caribou disappeared, almost overnight. Some stragglers lasted for a few more years, then even they disappeared.

If one had snowshoed around the great barrens that fateful spring he would have seen caribou tracks everywhere in the snow, and alongside each track would be drops of frothy blood. Follow a trail and sooner or later it would end at a dead cari-

bou, and around the muzzle of the beast would be blood that had issued right from his lungs; frothy blood that had been coughed up.

A few years later a great fire burned off the top layer of moss and brush on a large section of the barrens and Paul Kingston's sons, Sam and Con, crossed the barrens and noted the caribou bones strewn everywhere. All the bones were of the same age, as though a mighty scythe had swept through the herds and slaughtered the whole of them at one fell swoop.

What was it? Some epizootic infection, maybe caribou influenza or caribou pneumonia or some other animal disease that no scientist has ever heard of. Anyway, the caribou were gone.

Another big change in the wildlife of the Miramichi which interested Paul Kingston greatly was the disappearance of the lynx and the increase of bobcats, a change which he does not like. Up until about 1912 there were great quantities of Canada lynx in the Miramichi country and not a single bobcat in northern New Brunswick.

That year the chickens in the henhouse of Mike Fitzgerald of Sevogle had been disappearing regularly, to Mike's great disgust and annoyance. One night he heard a noise, got his lantern, opened the door of his henhouse, and beheld in the corner an animal the like of which he had never seen before. Mike did not have a gun, or even a club, but he was taking no chances on letting this chicken thief escape, now that he had him cornered.

Mike dropped his lantern and sailed into the creature with his bare hands and finally killed the animal, being pretty thoroughly scratched up in the process. Returning to the house with his prize, he proudly displayed it to his wife, saying, "Look, Nora, I've killed myself a tiger."

Of course, this was just the first of a horde of migrating bobcoats, and within a few years the whole country was overrun with them. The lynx is a creature of the deep forests

and will not live in close contact with the settlements. They are easily trapped, and many of them were trapped in the old days, but Paul Kingston says that in 1912 when the bobcats moved in there were fewer homes on the upper Miramichi than fifty years before that time, so the lynx should have increased. Paul Kingston is of the opinion that the bobcats fought and drove out the lynx.

Most people think of the lynx as much bigger and stronger than the little bobcat, but the New Brunswick bobcat is a different creature from his rangy, long-legged fifteen pound cousin of more southern climes. The New Brunswick bobcat is a heavy, short-legged, powerful brute and the biggest ones are bigger than the largest lynx. Paul Kingston's daughter, Suzanne, killed a bobcat on Little River that weighed forty pounds, and several of the woodsmen who saw it assured her that while it was a good fully grown specimen, it would not be termed extra large. Paul Kingston says that he has seen seventy-pound bobcats in the woods.

Paul Kingston still tells with great relish a bobcat story about an Englishman who was staying at the Kingston home and hunting moose across the river. The Englishman met a strange animal in the woods one day, and described it that night to the Kingstons, "The creature had a little tail about six inches long that twitched back and forth from side to side, and he had a broad, nahsty face."

Big bobcat killed by Suzanne Kingston.

CHAPTER VI

PAUL AND MARY KINGSTON

(1913-1945)

In 1913 the Burchill Company decided to cut on their holdings in the Bald Mountains. Nobody had ever cut there before. The McCombs boys had cut a few ship masts up there a hundred years before, and theirs were the only axes that had ever been heard in those woods. There was plenty of lumber but it was hard to get out, hard for a dozen reasons. However, in the spring of 1913 Paul Kingston took a contract with Burchill to cut lumber in the Bald Mountain area.

In the summer of 1913 Paul Kingston and his sons, Sam and Con, went cruising to look over the ground. It looked bad. There were steep ravines, narrow little brooks, ledges, waterfalls, winding tortuous little valleys through which flowed small streams. This was up at the very tip headwaters of the Northwest Miramichi, and up there the headwaters are merely little brooks.

There was quite a bit of lumber everywhere, but the best of it was in one big valley, and there was no stream in the valley. It was fine, tall virgin timber, most of it the very best black spruce, the slowest growing tree in the province. To cut the lumber was not too difficult, but to haul it to the river was impossible.

"Well, suppose we don't haul it to the river," said Paul Kingston. "Let's float it overland from here."

The boys thought their father was going mad, but he was not. He had noticed smooth stones on the ground at the center of the valley, pebbles and even large rocks which had become

rounded off and smoothed in a manner that comes only from the friction of centuries in a stream bed.

"If there are smooth stones here," Paul Kingston continued, "it means that the river flowed here once; and if it flowed here once it can flow here again."

They traced out the run of the stream carefully, and it appeared that Paul Kingston's idea might possibly be true. They had no surveying instruments to run levels; they couldn't prove it; they couldn't be sure. But to Paul Kingston that old stream bed was as clearly marked as though by new signposts —marked plainly to one who was gifted with eagle eyes, with keen intelligence, with foresight and vision.

Sam and Con tried to dissuade him; they argued that it was too risky to take a chance. If they cut in that valley and piled the logs in the winter and were then unable to divert the stream in the spring the whole winter's work would be lost. But Paul Kingston had faith in his own judgment and he cut two million feet of lumber in the winter of 1913, cut and landed a large portion of it in that dry valley, just on the basis of his faith that the stream could be dammed and put back in its old bed.

Paul Kingston dammed that stream, it flowed through the valley as it had in days long past, and down came the two million feet of lumber, the very finest that had been cut in that part of the province in many years. A very modest note occurred among the news items in the "North Shore Leader" of June 5, 1914, reading as follows:

"A record drive was brought out from Bald Mountain at the headwaters of the Miramichi and boomed at Red Bank by Paul Kingston for George Burchill and Son, of Nelson, last week. The distance is fifty miles and that Mr. Kingston covered it in twenty-five days reflects much credit on him and his men for their skillful handling of the logs."

That notice did not take up much space in the newspaper, but it chronicled an outstanding engineering feat. All food

and supplies had to be hauled to the Bald Mountains from Newcastle. It took three days for a truck wagon or sled to make the trip one-way, a six-day round-trip. When you consider that a team of horses will eat almost a wagonload of feed in a week, and that wages were high with the best teamsters getting $125.00 a month, it can be seen that feeding a crowd of men at the Bald Mountains was a big and an expensive proposition.

On the way from Newcastle, the first night would be spent at the Kingston house at Wayerton, and the second night at a depot camp at Clark's Brook.

The lumber being cut was all old growth, which has a tendency to be rough with many limbs and knots, making it harder to cut than new growth and, in addition, many of the trees were faulty, with hollows. An experienced sawyer by tapping a tree can tell the extent of a hollow and gauge his log lengths to suit, but old growth means many extra man hours of work to be charged against the job.

The log roads and the sequence of cutting in a new and strange country had to be all planned out to best advantage, and in addition to the mechanical end of the job, a lumberman always has personalities to contend with and must keep a gang of men happy in order to get the best work out of them. One Kingston story about two of his men on this job is worth recording.

In yarding the logs at one spot, the yard-piler just could not get along with the teamster hauling the cut logs to be yarded. They argued and bickered and thoroughly despised each other. Paul Kingston talked to the teamster about it and the teamster insisted that the yard-piler be fired. After much persuasion the teamster finally agreed to try once more to work agreeably with the yard-piler, but the teamster's final remark was, "Oh, well, God is good. Maybe the yard-piler will be killed tomorrow."

The boatmen on that twenty-five day drive from the moun-

tains were Paul Kingston's sons, Sam and Con. Sam, in particular, was by that time a riverman without a peer. He had an instinctive feeling for the cross-currents, the whirlpools, the underwater rocks and ledges. With 220 pounds of solid muscle on his six foot three frame, he had the strength of a giant to back up his naturally keen reflexes, and rough water held no terrors for him.

On the upper reaches of the Nor'west, on the second day down from the Bald Mountains, there was a particularly bad stretch of water. Paul Kingston gave careful orders to Sam and Con to unload the baggage, transport it by team around the rough section of river, and lower the boats on a line. However, Sam and Con felt quite sure of themselves, and started to run the baggage in the usual way. Half way down the bad stretch, the boat hit a ledge and turned upside down. Sam could not swim and had a hard time scrambling to shore as best he could over rocks, ledges and logs, being very thoroughly pounded in the process. Con was a good swimmer and reached shore without too much difficulty. By good luck, the cargo of the boat floated right down under the overturned boat, which soon hung up on a rock, and all was recovered, a bit water-logged but intact. Only the dignity of the boatmen suffered.

A few years later, Sam taught his younger brother, Louis Kingston, all the tricks of the trade of being a boatman, and Louis not only became very adept at it, but wrote the following poem:

There's a river in the North and it runs a southeast course,
And is known as the Nor'west Miramichi
And I often rue the day that I came so far away,
From the things that mean so very much to me.

For that river keeps a-calling, when the shades of night are falling,
And brings to me familiar scenes of yore.
I can see the campfires gleaming, I can see the outfit steaming,
I can see the driving tents pitched on the shore.

Oh, how good it was at night, when the fire was burning bright,
To stretch myself at full length on my bed,
Listen to the fellows singing, and their hearty laughter ringing,
Intermingled with the murmur of the forest overhead.

And early in the morning I would get my daily warning
From my brother to be careful in the bow.
"Now for God's sake, watch those ledges, and be sure to hug the edges,"
And then he'd undertake to show me how.

That bow was like a ram, didn't seem to care a damn,
Seemed to want to butt the ledge on either side.
Sam's nerves were sorely taxed, the only time that he relaxed,
Was when the boat was on the shore and safely tied.

Oh, it's easy in the bow, if you know the why and how,
In good water it's as easy as can be,
But you are surely out of luck if she ever starts to buck
In the ledges on the roaring Miramichi.

In spite of all the difficulties, the 1914 lumbering was done at a good profit, and the fall of 1915 Paul Kingston took the same crowd back to the Bald Mountains for another cut. They cut two million of lumber again that winter.

One bad spot that had to be overcome was a very sharp and narrow bend in the river, and it appeared impossible to float lumber around that bend. However, the stream was dammed so as to short-circuit the bad bend, and the logs came down without difficulty.

If the drive of the spring of 1915 had been a record drive, this drive of the spring of 1916 was unbelievable. They drove that two million of lumber from the Bald Mountains to the boom at Red Bank in nineteen days. The men were proud of their year's cut at the mountains, they were well-fed and happy, they liked and admired their boss. They were an experienced, smooth-working team and they tackled their job with enthusiasm.

The two Manderville brothers were taking out their year's cut of logs made well down the Nor'west, and when Paul Kingston's drive came to and caught up with the Manderville drive, the Kingston crowd just drove right through the Manderville drive, and went straight on for the boom. Of course, Paul Kingston was lucky in that the Manderville logs had already formed wings on the bad spots of the river. There are certain places on the river where logs always hang up and form jams, but seldom "jam over." These "holding up" places will stop just so many logs, then the logs form into a natural sheer, and the remaining logs keep on going. As a driver would put it, "the river was all wung up and the Kingston drive just ran right through." Most of the Kingston logs passed through and very few hung up; in the language of the river, "he had a very light rear."

But the real reason for this wonderful drive was the enthusiasm of the men. They were keyed up about it. They felt a keen pride in the year's work. They tackled the job with zest and pep. Paul Kingston wanted to make a record drive and they wanted to help him do it. A boss who can inspire that kind of loyalty is a man among men.

While Paul Kingston was cutting at the Bald Mountains there occurred the great block-line argument. At that time there was no good map of the Bald Mountain country. Only one line had been run (McClintock's line) from the Sevogle River to Bathurst. With that one line as a base, Paul Kingston ran out the block lines himself by compass, and then cut on the Burchill blocks as determined in that manner.

However, hunters in that area brought out the word to Hubert Sinclair that Paul Kingston had cut on Sinclair timber lease land, and there was a tremendous commotion. The surveyor, Bill Fish, was sent into the country to run the block lines. He ran the lines, and the report was that not one stick of Sinclair timber had been cut. The cutting was close in some cases; Paul Kingston had cut what was rightfully the

Burchill's, and he had cut in some cases every bit that was rightfully the Burchill's, but the surveyor's transit checked the woodsman's compass right to the dot. Only a master woodsman could have done it.

With all these exciting doings in the woods, things were going along in their usual placid course at the Kingston home in Wayerton. In December, just before Christmas, it appeared that the chickens were disappearing, but there were lots of chickens and it was hard to check up and be sure. However, one day the pompous, green-headed leader of the duck flock was missing. If the duck flock was disappearing, it was a serious matter, for various members of the flock were scheduled to appear on the dinner table during the Christmas holidays.

Little Suzanne was delegated to keep a continuous and careful watch on the ducks. The house watch dog was a very large, powerful and intelligent collie named "Dangerous," and between Suzanne and Dangerous it was hoped that the ducks might be saved, or at least the identity of the thief discovered.

And what do you think was the first thing that little Suzanne discovered? She saw Dangerous romping and frolicking and playing in the barnyard with two half-grown bobcats. The three of them seemed to be great pals and were having a huge amount of fun rolling around, pawing at each other, and scuffling just like three puppies.

When frightened, the two young bobcats headed straight for their den, which turned out to be a nice, cozy spot right under the barn, where they lived with their mother. It was only a few minutes after that discovery that the duck flock was safe once more.

The renegade Dangerous redeemed himself with many years of faithful watch-dogging, and when he passed away at the age of twenty it was almost like losing a member of the family.

Life was full of little incidents. When the baby pigs would be born in early spring, it was sometimes so cold that they would be brought into the house and put in the open oven of the kitchen stove to warm them and send the blood coursing freely through their little veins. Sheep shearing in the spring was always an event. The cutting of the winter's wood supply usually took place in the early spring, and the hot-air furnace in the basement of the Kingston house would eat up a tremendous number of cords of wood in a season. Beech, birch and ash were used mostly as firewood, with some poplar and pine.

In 1916, when Suzanne was 9 and Louis was 12, a deer was seen on the opposite side of the river just a hundred yards further down. Apparently it intended to cross the river. There was an old 9 mm Mauser rifle in the house, and neither Louis nor Suzanne could carry it, but one took the muzzle and one the butt end, and they trotted off down the road with the heavy old gun. Neither could hold the gun to fire it, but when they got to about where they expected the deer to cross the road after fording the river, they rested the gun on top of an old stump and carefully aimed at the middle of the road. The deer crossed the road just where they anticipated, they pulled the trigger at the right time, and there was venison on the table for supper.

The spring of 1916, as soon as the big drive was down from the Bald Mountains, Con Kingston enlisted in the Canadian army. It was about this same time that Paul Kingston bought back his timber lease on Block 32.

Con went to England with the 132nd Canadian Infantry in the fall of 1916, but this group was split up as replacements and Con went to France with the 42nd Canadian Highlanders. He was in the trenches all winter, was wounded at Vimy Ridge in March, 1917, hospitalized to England, and came back to Canada and was discharged the late fall of 1917.

The fall of 1917 there was a big election in Canada on the

The Kingston home in Wayerton in 1917. The children in the foreground are, left to right, Kate, Louis, Marg and Suzanne.

matter of conscription. Paul Kingston and all his family were opposed to conscription, and his opinion was highly regarded by many people of the county. He had a big crowd of men working for him in the woods that winter, and the chances were that most of them would be influenced somewhat by Paul Kingston's opinion in the matter.

Sam Kingston had joined the army, and was ready to go overseas, and just before the election a horse and sled brought a telegram up from Newcastle (they did not have a telephone then at the Kingston home) addressed to Paul Kingston and asking him to vote for conscription, and signed by his son, Sam. Paul did not change his convictions because of the telegram and voted against conscription, though the law was passed. However, it turned out (as Paul Kingston suspected at the time) that Sam did not send the telegram. Just who did send it and who paid for the horse and sled from Newcastle was never discovered.

Sam Kingston went across in the fall of 1917 with the 9th Siege Battery, and his transport on the voyage over passed the one that was bringing Con back home. Sam had many dangerous experiences and narrow escapes. The closest was when his battery commander sent Sam over to another battery to get a piece of rope. The route was across a territory that was being continually and heavily shelled by the Germans, and the trip was terribly hazardous. However, Sam made the trip without mishap, and when he returned to his gun found that a direct shell hit had wrecked the gun and wiped out the entire crew. At another time fragments from an exploding shell ripped Sam's shirt and jacket right off him, but did not even break the skin.

After the war, Sam and Con both married and set up homes of their own and began to cut lumber and take contracts on their own. Lumber was good in those days. The demand was heavy, wages and prices were high.

In 1922 Ginny died. Ginny's real name was Jenny, but nobody ever called her by her real name. Ginny was a horse which Paul Kingston purchased about 1895, and she was a real good combination work and driving horse. When Ginny became too old to work, she was retired to lounge about the barn yard and enjoy a life of leisure. When Ginny's teeth became too poor to eat oats, the oats were ground for her. Ginny's only productive work of the last few years of her life was to serve as a riding horse for little Suzanne, who would ride Ginny in the morning to the school at Wayerton, then send Ginny home by herself.

Mrs. Kingston did not want the adventurous Suzanne wandering too far afield on Ginny, so she carefully fostered the idea that it hurt Ginny's feet to walk across the bridge, hoping that this would at least localize Suzanne's travels to a radius of a couple of miles. Not so; but at least when Suzanne traveled farther than the bridge she was very careful to walk Ginny through the water, rather than across the bridge.

Ginny died in mid-December of 1922, while Suzanne was away at boarding school in Newcastle. Nobody told her of this sad event, and when she came home for the Christmas holidays and was wandering around the place she accidentally came across the remains of Ginny, frozen stiff as a board, in a clump of trees off the Coll's Pool road.

Suzanne was shocked, horrified and indignant. She ran to find her father and berated him severely for this treatment of the mortal remains of a member of the family. The ground was frozen solid, and digging in it was almost impossible, but Paul Kingston at once knocked off one of the crews logging on his lease near-by and had Ginny buried properly.

This little Suzanne was the apple of her father's eye. He had promised her a bicycle for the Christmas just before she was to be ten years of age, but she had been sick that winter and for some reason or other the doctor suggested that she not have a bicycle. At that time a good bicycle cost $50.00,

and Paul Kingston gave Suzanne that amount of money for a Christmas present, with no strings attached, even took her to Newcastle to spend it. She put half in the bank, bought a new sweater, a new pair of high-top shoes, great quantities of candy, and had her photograph taken, clad in new sweater and shoes.

It was in 1922 when 70 years old and still in his prime that Paul Kingston killed the biggest deer with the finest set of antlers ever seen on the Nor'west. He saw the deer on an early December morning over on Tomoganops, shot and wounded it, and trailed it all day, coming up with it in late afternoon and getting in the finishing shot. The trail was long and hard and he ended up so far away from home or camp that he just bedded down in the snow for the night, improvising the best shelter he could on the spot where the deer fell. The next day he brought in the head and some of the meat, and felt amply repaid for all his chase through the snow, for the antlers were the pair that one dreams of but never sees. He sent the head to a taxidermist in Fredericton to be mounted, and never was able to get one word from the taxidermist except the lame statement that the scalp had spoiled, so he had thrown it and the antlers into the trash can. Thus passed from the hands of the Kingston clan one of the best, if not the very best, set of whitetail deer antlers ever bagged.

There were not many autos in the country then. Con Kingston in the spring of 1915 bought a Chevrolet, the first car owned by any member of the family. The day before Con left to go overseas, he sold his Chevrolet to Paul Kingston, gave him a couple of instructions as to how to run it, and was off. Paul Kingston drove the car to Newcastle without serious mishap and immediately traded it in on a Buick. Driving home the very first time, he stalled the motor on the high hill at Sheesgreens Cove, rolled back down the hill and into the ditch.

Cars were temperamental in those days. The roads were poor, the Chaplain Island road was usually impassable to

an auto, and all trips to Newcastle were by way of Red Bank. Cars were always getting stuck in the mud or going into the ditch, and it was common to stall the motor on a hill and have one of the passengers jump out quickly to put a rock behind one of the wheels to prevent the car rolling down.

In 1922 Marg and Suzanne were both at home for the Christmas holidays. Paul Kingston had planned to take them to Newcastle in the auto one day for Christmas shopping, but it was very cold that particular morning and he decided not to try to get the car started. Instead, he took one of the men on the place and drove to town in a sled, and told the girls he would take them some other day.

Marg and Suzanne had no sooner seen their father depart than they decided to try to start the car. They heated buckets of water and thawed out the radiator, and the car started like a bird on the wing. They drove to Newcastle and spent the whole day there without seeing their father. Coming home, they passed their father in the sled, stopped the car, Paul Kingston got into the car and took the wheel, and drove on back home. He did not say one word all the way home. He did not speak to them at the supper table. Just as they were getting ready for bed, he said, "Well, girls, you did exactly right." That was the last ever mentioned of the incident.

About this time Paul Kingston bought a fine looking, rangy, gray mare weighing about 1,300 pounds. She could make the twenty miles from Wayerton to Newcastle in less than two hours, and was a tireless traveler. Paul Kingston was very fond of her.

The gray mare was very high spirited, and it usually took two men to hitch her up. Paul Kingston's daughter, Suzanne, came home from boarding school for Christmas holidays in 1924 and went out to the barn to hitch up her mother's driving horse, little Belle, and take a drive. Belle was not in the stable, but Suzanne saw this handsome new gray mare, so she hitched her up to the sleigh and away they went. The horse did appear

a little frisky, and started off the very minute the hitching up was finished, and Suzanne had to jump to get into the sleigh, but nothing unusual happened on the drive. When Suzanne got back she unhitched the mare and put her in her stall.

It was a seven-day wonder around the house as to why Suzanne hadn't been killed.

Paul Kingston drove the gray mare a great deal, and she was a pride and joy to him. One day he had several teams at work unloading a carload of hay spotted on a freight siding at Newcastle and he was standing there, the gray mare hitched to his sleigh and the reins in his hands, but not knotted together. An oncoming freight train whistled, the gray mare reared, the reins slipped through Paul Kingston's fingers, the mare closed her eyes and ran madly straight into a moving flat car, breaking her shoulder. It was a sad day in the Kingston household.

Lumber was good in the early twenties. Work was plentiful, money was easy to get but hard to keep.

Paul Kingston was at the peak of his success as a woodsman. His cuts were always good, his drives were always successful. At about that time there appeared an anonymous poem in the North Shore Leader, one of the Newcastle newspapers, which described very well the manner of man that Paul Kingston was and is.

"The North Branch of Sevogle, all Nor'westers will agree,
Is the toughest tributary of the Nor'west Miramichi.
It's a treacherous, rocky torrent, from the Narrows up above,
It's a roaring, foam-decked outlaw, and a stream the drivers love.
Where the whitecaps crowd the breakers and the angry rapids roar,
Where the white "P's" jam the ledges till there isn't room for more,
When the old Sevogle takes the bit in her rush out to the sea,
There is always great excitement on the Nor'west Miramichi.
She's a roaring, foam-decked outlaw, but to one man must she bow,

Only one man understands her, knows her when and why and how,
Understands her at her wildest, knows so well her changing moods,
Curbs her when she gets unruly, soothes her when she frets and broods.
He is very understanding, uses no pretense or gloss,
Patient, firm and never changing, woodsmen know him as "The Boss,"
Know his firm, unchanging purpose, with a will to dare and do,
Know that when he takes a contract he'll be there to see it through,
Much like this unruly river in his strange and hidden ways,
Free, majestic, never changing, firm and fresh and unafraid,
Ever faithful to his calling, carrying out God's holy will,
Loved his work from early childhood, loves it now and ever will.
Linked together in my memory, ever will these two remain,
The North Branch of Sevogle, and I guess you know his name.
He's up there on that river now, with a hardy crew of men,
God grant that he may live to go there many times again."

An inspector was around to see Paul Kingston one summer in connection with income tax payments. Paul Kingston told him that he had nothing to do with the financial records of the family, his wife attended to all that. Mrs. Kingston summarized her business methods very simply, "When Mr. Kingston goes into the woods in the fall I buy a scribbler, and I put down in it all the transactions of the year. Then in the spring when he goes down and settles up I burn the scribbler."

The income tax man just smiled and went on his way, but he did contribute the final comment, "Well, you really should keep books."

Paul Kingston was about 75 at that time, and served as a pall-bearer at the funeral of one of the respected elder citizens of the community, but returned home indignant, "Why,

all the rest of the pall-bearers were just a bunch of doddering old men hardly able to walk, much less carry a casket. I hope nobody classed me with such a bunch of graybeards."

In 1929 Paul Kingston attended a funeral at Red Bank. He was driving his auto, and his place in the line of the funeral procession was next in advance of the hearse. Paul Kingston's auto stalled just at the end of the covered bridge at Red Bank. Instead of putting on the brake, he accidentally left the car in reverse gear, got out with his crank and gave the motor a twirl, and the car started up at once and moved off in reverse. The auto ran into the hearse, knocked a wheel off the hearse, and the coffin slid right out of the hearse and onto the ground. It was a terrible calamity and most embarrassing.

In the later twenties, lumber prices dropped steadily, and hard times settled on the Miramichi. Even the moose deserted the country, and in 1930 there occurred one of those unexplained migrations of the moose, who suddenly decided to leave. Presumably they went down to the southern part of the province. They returned as suddenly in 1936 and 1937 as they had departed.

During the early thirties conditions grew worse on the Miramichi. The lifeblood of the country was lumber and the price of lumber was very low.

In 1932 there were no logs cut on the Miramichi for the first time in many, many years.

The blocks of land around the Little North Branch of the Sevogle had never been cut because the stream was so small that it was impossible to drive it, and the country was so rough that it was regarded as impracticable to haul logs to the main North Branch. The country was one of short little brooks; all ridges, the valleys very short and narrow. There was just no level ground at all. However, there was a good deal of lumber there.

Everyone knew that even if the country could be cut at all, it would be an expensive job, and it had never been tackled before. But with no work at all in 1932, woods wages were so low by 1933 that labor could be had in abundance. A man was glad to get work at almost any pay.

Woods workers by the score would walk the weary miles to Paul Kingston's house seeking work, and all he could do was give them a meal and send them away. He was in a Newcastle store one day and offered a ten dollar bill in payment for some small article, and the storekeeper said that it was the first ten dollar bill he had seen all summer. Maybe that was a slight exaggeration, but not much.

The upper reaches of the Little North Branch of Sevogle were on Burchill lease and the lower portion of the stream was on Fraser land. In the fall of 1933 Paul Kingston took a contract to cut the Little North Branch area for the two companies.

Even at the low wages then prevailing, he would have to cut two million of lumber to make a go of it. It was a tough proposition; the toughest lumber proposition on the waters of the Northwest Miramichi.

Paul Kingston decided to haul his logs right down the Little North Branch itself to where it joined the North Branch. The stream was about six miles in length, and when it froze over he built his main road right down the middle of it. The many waterfalls made it bad, but he put in crib work and carried the road right over the falls. The building of that road was a wonderful piece of engineering vision and execution that presaged a brilliant success for the year's work.

But fate conspired against Paul Kingston. The lumberman's gods that had smiled so often on him in the past deserted him that year, and the elements all joined hands against him.

The country was so rough that he could not even find enough level ground to build his camp; he had to take the two

biggest level spots and build two camps. The branch roads were short, hardly long enough to justify cutting, for the country was so cut up with ravines that no great amount of timber was in any one place. However, that was all in the game; Paul Kingston had cruised the country carefully and he anticipated all this and was prepared for it. What he was not prepared for and what no one can ever guard against was the cruel weather. It was the worst lumbering weather in fifty years.

The portage road by which supplies were brought into camp was almost impassable all fall, winter and spring. The mud was deep and it would not freeze. All fall a thin skim of ice would form on top of the portage road each night, but it would thaw out in the day. It took four teams working constantly to haul in supplies, and the 22 miles from the Kingston house in Wayerton to the lumber camps was a nightmare of mud. Wagons were wrecked and ruined. Horses worked to the limit of their endurance, but they just could not pull heavy loads over that road; only light loads went in.

One day in October Paul Kingston rode in 22 miles on horseback to his camps, spent the night, rode back out the next day, drove to Newcastle, and arrived back home late at night. It was too much. He contracted pneumonia and almost died. His daughter, Suzanne, came home from Vermont to nurse him, and she tells of one incident that occurred while her father was very, very sick.

It is customary for the portagers to grease their wagons each night. The big nut holding on a wagon wheel should be taken off with a wrench, but sometimes lazy or careless teamsters couldn't find the wrench and knocked the nuts off with a hammer or an axe. Of course, this battered the nut so that the special wrench used for the purpose would not fit the nut any more, but teamsters did not always consider such things.

On that particular night on which Paul Kingston was so ill he heard a hammering going on in the barnyard, and to the

ears of that practised woodsman the story was perfectly plain. He raised himself on his elbow and in a loud voice instructed his daughter to "tell those sons of b.....s to go and get a wrench."

Paul Kingston recovered from the pneumonia, but he could not be constantly in the woods and keep the job moving as he would have done if his health had been better. Even so, the cutting went along about as expected and the logs were skidded without too much trouble.

Then came the snow, and more snow, and more snow. The logs had to be hauled from where they were skidded to the mouth of the Little North Branch. The hauling was heart-breaking. Snow, snow, and more snow. It was so bad they couldn't plow the snow, but had to shovel it by hand.

In March the bottom went out of the portage road, and portaging became even more of a nightmare than it had been. There were many horses and men up in the woods and supplies and feed became scarce. At one time the camps were down to their last bundle of hay and bag of oats when the long overdue portager finally broke through.

But the bludgeoning of fate was to continue. In addition to a late winter, Paul Kingston had to contend with an early spring. The frozen surface of the Little North Branch began to show signs of thawing, and that would be the end of his hauling road. They rushed frantically. They got more men, more horses, more men. They worked hard. They hoped for just one little respite from the weather; just one little cold snap. Not so; the cruel conspiracy of the elements carried on straight to the bitter end. The road broke up while there were still a few logs left on the yards at the very headwaters of the Little North Branch.

In the spring Paul Kingston drove the two million feet of lumber. A roll dam had been installed below Estey Falls, and he drove the two million feet safely down to the boom without any further trouble.

In the spring of 1934 Mrs. Kingston slipped while walking around the house, fell heavily, and broke her hip.

A broken hip at any age is serious, but at the age of seventy it is a major calamity. Dr. Wilson came up from Red Bank, set the hip, and immobolized it with sand bags.

"Will I be able to walk again, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Kingston.

"Sure," said Dr. Wilson.

"How long before I'll be able to walk, Doctor?"

"About three months."

Mrs. Kingston hung a calendar beside her bed, each morning she marked off a day on the calendar. When the three months was over, she got up and walked.

The winter of 1934 Paul Kingston cut two million of lumber for the Fraser Company on their lease on Lee Brook. He built his camp at the same spot where the ill-fated lumber camp was destroyed by the Miramichi Fire, hard by the same spring in which the cook hid and was saved. That same spring still provided the fresh water which was used for the camp.

Fred Sobey was cutting on the adjacent block for the Fraser Company, a little brook divided the two sections, and where the brook branched and meandered the exact line of demarcation was not very clear.

One day Paul Kingston came on Sobey in the woods cutting on what he (Paul Kingston) considered was his side of the brook. There were only the two of them there. Paul Kingston told Sobey in no uncertain terms to quit cutting there and go back and cut where he was supposed to.

Sobey was a big husky fellow about forty years old, right in the prime of his strength, and he laughed and said, "Now just calm down; you're a mighty old man to be talking so fresh. Leave me alone."

"Well, I was a man once, anyway," retorted Paul Kingston, "and you've never been one."

When Sobey was telling the story later to Lyman Dolan, the woods boss for the Fraser Company, Lyman asked him what

he supposed Mr. Kingston would have done if Sobey had tried to throw him in the brook.

"Well, I don't know what he'd have done," grinned Sobey, "but he didn't look one bit scared."

Paul Kingston landed his logs cut on Lee Brook on the banks of the Nor'west to go down river with the main drive coming from above. In the spring of 1935 he drove the North Branch of the Sevogle.

Miller Sutherland had cut for Fraser on the North Branch, and Al Shaddick had cut for Burchill on the portion of the North Branch just above where the Little North Branch came into the main stream. The particular section of the North Branch where Shaddick had cut was bad driving water. Con Kingston was driving with his father that spring. The drive went well until they hit Estey Falls. They had put a roll dam in Estey Falls, but before the drive got there the dam lifted out as though it had been dynamited, and went floating down the river.

The drive jammed at Estey Falls and jammed bad. Paul Kingston's daughter, Suzanne, had come home for a visit, and she rode a horse in to where the drivers were tented at the falls to have a look. Mr. Kingston rode the horse out and left Suzanne at camp for a visit with Con.

The falls were plugged up solid. A million of lumber was in a mile of river. Con would shoot off a charge of dynamite, a little patch of logs would swirl on down the river, and more logs would pile up where those had let go.

A couple of mornings later Suzanne was out watching the work, and she saw her father high on the upper ledge, looking down. He had arrived back from home. He went up the river a way, crossed on the logs, and walked down to the falls.

"Now you've been here long enough, Con, my boy," said the Boss.

"I know it," answered the exasperated Con, "but I don't know what we're going to do about it."

Lumber camp built by Paul Kingston on Lee Brook in 1934 on the site of an old camp destroyed by the Miramichi fire in 1825.

"How many sticks of dynamite have you got?" asked the Boss.

"Twenty sticks is all that's left," replied Con.

"Let Tom Hill take the lot of it and come on with me," said the Boss.

Suzanne felt sorry for her father.

"But, Dad, that's every scrap of dynamite we've got," demurred Con. "If you use all that, there just isn't any left."

"That's all right," smiled the Boss. "After we use this, we won't need any more."

Suzanne felt very badly. It looked impossible that anything could budge that mass of logs. The Boss was wrong that time.

Tom Hill took the dynamite and he and the Boss went up the river, crossed on the logs, came down on the other side, went way down underneath, at the bottom of the jam, set the dynamite, and everybody took cover.

There was a terrific explosion, the ledges shook, the lumber started to move, it kept on moving, logs two feet in diameter hit the ledges and were snapped like match sticks, other massive logs were tossed fifty feet in the air, but the main stream of logs kept moving, and the whole drive got through the falls that day.

That was the last big drive Paul Kingston made. The next winter he cut on his own lease and sold the logs to Burchill. Every year since then he has cut on Block 32. He has lived at home happy and contented. In 1940 he came home one night after a hard tramp through the woods and announced, "You know, I must be getting old. I walked about ten miles through the woods today. A few years ago I would have thought nothing of it, but tonight I feel all tired out."

In the spring of 1945, when Paul Kingston was 92 years old, his daughter Anna was visiting him and she wrote as follows:

"Dad decided yesterday that it was time for the first run of bright salmon to be coming up river from the sea, so I went

with him up to the deep hole about a hundred yards above the house. On the second cast he hooked about a ten or twelve-pound salmon. You never saw such a wild fish; it jumped in the air dozens of times; it made long runs so that I would be sure the line would all run off the reel. Dad just stood there not a bit excited and played the fish for half an hour, and finally got him in to shore.

"The shore was rocky and a very bad place to land a fish. I didn't have a net or a gaff. I tried to wait until the fish was headed towards shore, then give a pull on the leader and slide him up on the bank. I didn't do it well, and the fish gave one big jump, broke the leader, and that was the last we saw of him. My nephew, Greg, used to tell about an old fellow who, after he lost a salmon like that, sat right down on the bank and cried. I know now just how he felt."

Really, it didn't worry Paul Kingston one bit. There were plenty more salmon where that one came from.

If all his descendants can just be men enough to be able to play a ten-pound salmon for half an hour when they are 92 years old, his heritage will be safe for many generations.

The old lumbering days are gone. Within the past three years a good truck road, starting just a few yards above Paul Kingston's house, has been built from the Northwest Road across Block 32 and twenty miles west into the heart of the Nor'west country in which Paul Kingston spent a lifetime getting logs. The road heads straight for the Bald Mountains. A few more years, and twenty miles more of road, and it will reach to Big Baldy, and then it will be a three-hour trip from Newcastle to the mountains by truck, instead of a three-day trip by truck wagon. The logs now are being cut in the woods and trucked to the mills in town. This truck road marks the end of an era. The past is dead.

As these last words are written in the fall of 1945, Paul Kingston is living happily at his home in Wayerton. It is hard to try to visualize the Miramichi without Paul Kingston

living there; he is a part and a parcel of the life of the river. For almost a century he has played a major role in the life of the Nor'west. When in the natural course of events and in the fullness of his years he is gathered to his fathers and leaves on his journey to that bourne from whence no traveler returns, there will be sadness on the Miramichi. His going will be "as when a lordly cedar, green with boughs, goes down with a great shout upon the hills, and leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

CHAPTER VII

LATER GENERATIONS

Samuel Kingston and Mary Curry were married in 1835 and had eleven children:

(1) William, the oldest child, died at the age of six years.
(2) Lydia, died as a baby.
(3) Lydia, died as a baby.
(4) Mary, died at age of 25, unmarried.
(5) Susan, who married but had no children.
(6) Margaret, who moved to Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin.
(7) Avarina, who was beautiful and gay. One night when she was 25 years old she attended a dance at the Joseph Dennis home at Spriggs Brook. The dance was held in the dead of winter, Avarina's dress was beautiful but not very warm. Family record has it that "she caught cold, and went into a decline and died."
(8) Cecilia, who moved to Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin.
(9) Samuel, who died in Fond-du-Lac, Wisconsin, about 1930.
(10) John, who lived for many years on Chaplain Island Road about seven miles from Newcastle. John did very well financially. He and his wife, Bridget O'Shaughnessy, moved to Newcastle about 1914 and built a good house there. Bridget died about 1916 and John Kingston died about 1934. John's daughters were Betty, Cecilia and Catherine. Betty was a very clever and talented dress designer who moved to New York and was a big success in that field, now married to Richard Hubbell and lives in Garden City, New York. Catherine also moved to New York and married Murdock Wedden. Cecilia also lives in New York City. John's sons, Patrick and Michael, moved to Tennessee. His son, Samuel, lived in Newcastle and had five children, named Gerald, Cecilia, Jenny, Marguerite and Patrick. His son,

John (Jack) F. Kingston, lives now in Newcastle and has been an active and influential power in North Shore politics for many years; by his first wife, who was a McCabe, he had three children, Drew, Helen and Michael; by his second wife, Jennie McPherson, he had Thomas, Fay, John F., Jr., Mary, Pauline and Patrick.

(11) Paul Kingston was the youngest child, and his life is described in detail in this volume. He and his wife, Mary Ann Crowe, had the following children:

(a) Joseph M., born April 16, 1883, and who now lives in Winnipeg. His first wife was Winnie Gillespie, and he has two children by his first marriage, Joseph M., Jr., and Sheila; another son, Paul, having died some years ago. His second wife is Edith Redmond.

(b) Mary, born June 13, 1885, and lived only two days.

(c) Anna, born June 13, 1886, who went to boarding school in Chatham, N. B., and then to Burlington, Vermont, to study nursing. Anna was a very handsome girl and, when one of her sisters came to Burlington twenty years later to study nursing, she found reports still lingering around the hospitals of the stunning Miss Kingston who had nursed there before. Anna married Dr. Arthur L. Larner and they have lived in Burlington most of their married life. They have one daughter, named Jane Katherine. Their one son, Dr. Paul Kingston Larner, married Constance Powers of Burlington and they have a son, Paul Kingston Larner, Jr., born in 1945, who is the first great-grandchild of Paul and Mary Kingston.

(d) Susan Cecilia, born August 14, 1888, died August 29, 1904.

(e) Mary (Molly), born Sept. 16, 1890, died Dec. 9, 1921.

(f) Samuel A., born 1891, married Lillian Isabelle Loggie of Lower Napan, Northumberland County, on August 16, 1920, and their children are: William, Ann Marie, George, Monica, Rita, Carmel, Bernadette and Aloysius. Samuel lived for many years on Chaplain Island Road and at present lives in Newcastle. He is the best woods man in the country.

(g) Cornelius F., born 1896, married Catherine O'Shea, daughter of Jeremiah O'Shea of Sevogle, on July 30, 1919, and

their children are: Father Paul, Cornelius F., Catherine, Frederick, Mark, Bernard, Gregory, Gertrude, Louis, Leo, Terrence, Joan, Suzanne and Dermot. Con is a hunter, a salmon fisherman without a peer and a woodsman. He lives at Trout Brook.

(h) Paul, born in 1898, is living at present with his parents at Wayerton and is unmarried.

(i) Margaret Avarina, born November 16, 1899, trained as a nurse in Boston, married Patrick L. O'Shaughnessy of Newcastle, and their children are: Patsy, Mary, Nancy, Ann and Peggy Jane. Her husband is a civil engineer and their residence is moved often to suit his work; at present they reside in Kingston, Ontario.

(j) Catherine Christina, born April 11, 1902, married Jeremiah Howe and lives at Boom Road, near Red Bank; children, Patrick and William.

(k) Charles Louis O'Leary, born May 12, 1904, studied medicine at University of Vermont, married Bertha Limodge of Burlington, Vermont, and practised medicine at Barre, Vermont. He is at present a Captain in the Medical Corps of the United States Army, having served overseas in both the African and European invasions.

(l) Suzanne Cecilia, born February 19, 1907, attended boarding school at St. Mary's Academy in Newcastle, studied at Provincial Normal School in Fredericton and received teacher's license, taught one year at Wayerton school, studied and graduated as nurse at Bishop de Goesbriand Hospital in Burlington, Vermont, married George Brooks Johnson of Albany, Georgia, on May 16, 1937, at Newcastle, and lives at present at Hilton Village, a suburb of Newport News, Virginia. Children are: Walter Livezey, Paul Kingston, George Brooks, Jr., Ann Larner and Frederick Kingston.